

Adventures in Brotherhood



Dorothy Giles



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THE RACE ANTAGONISMS OF THE CENTURIES RUN THROUGH THE HERITAGE OF THESE CHILDREN, BUT IN AMERICA THEY COME TOGETHER IN A WEEK-DAY SCHOOL OF RELIGION TO WORK OUT THE BETHLEHEM STORY IN MODELS

ADVENTURES IN BROTHERHOOD

By DOROTHY GILES

Author of *The Call of the King*;
His Star in the West; *Tales of the*
Great South Seas

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No 1

TO DOMENICO MONTERASTELLE
T loyal American, upright citizen, faithful friend—this brief study of the men and women, born in other lands, who are giving the labor of head, heart, and hands to the making of America, is dedicated in gratitude.

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FOREWORD

Of all the issues at stake today, the most pressing by far is that of the interrelation of races. Here in America, where men and women of every race, nation, and color jostle elbows, the problem of their relations with each other and to the rest of mankind is immediate and acute.

Between the perfect sympathy of races, stand now, as ever, the barriers of language, tradition, caste, and creed; long-ago wars have left scars in suspicions and racial antipathies. These are difficult obstacles not easily set aside. Our government and political and social agencies are trying to surmount them by means of legislation and extensive programs of what we call the "Americanization" of our foreign-born citizens.

On foreign battlefields, in Westminster Abbey, beside the walls of the Forum in Rome, stately monuments have been raised to testify to all ages and generations the friendship of one great people for another, and their united sacrifice for a common ideal. But there is a monument more beautiful than marble, more enduring than bronze, which speaks now and forever of the bond between race and race, the universal brotherhood which even war is powerless to destroy. That monument is the Christian Church. To its building, Jew and Greek, Roman and Celt, Teuton, Anglo-Saxon, and Slav have brought their con-

tribution of genius and devotion. It belongs to no single race or people, but is the heritage of all mankind. And the Christian Church, believing that the sincere brotherhood of man can be brought about in no other way, has dedicated itself to the great task of its Founder—that of changing human nature. In the Christian's attitude toward his fellows, in his readiness to give or withhold his sympathy, in his clinging to or casting aside racial prejudice, lies the solution of all problems international and interracial.

Because sympathy depends on understanding, and understanding on knowledge, I have tried to give you in the pages that follow an insight into the lives and thoughts of the men and women of many races who are our fellow citizens. Some of those whose stories are told here I have known personally, of the others I have heard from those who had the privilege of their friendship. My hope is that by thus widening our acquaintance, we may make those adventures in brotherhood which lead to a deeper friendship with the Master of mankind.

DOROTHY GILES

NEW YORK

March

1924

I

E PLURIBUS UNUM

TWO men walking down a city street paused to look over a railing at the corner where excavations were going on for the new City Hall.

“Going to be some building—what?” said one.

“The finest in the state,” his companion replied with evident local pride in his town’s progress.

“Ten stories high, with room for all the municipal departments, charity organizations, welfare boards—everything.”

“That’s America for you. Who is building it?”

The second speaker hesitated. He studied the broad, Slavic cheek-bones of the man who ran the donkey-engine, the olive-skinned pick-and-shovel gang, the Negro drillers, squatting on a ledge of rock and whistling cheerily to the insistent throbbing of the steel drills, the Greek push-cart man, doing a thriving business in lemonade and ice-cream cones, and the legend, BURKHEISER AND TALERICO, CONTRACTORS, on the tool shed.

“It looks like a bunch of foreigners,” he replied.

And that is America. Pralatowski, Papadopoulos, Rosenthal, Burkheiser, Talerico, Kwarcianski, O’Shaunessey, Horowitz are American

names. You will find them on the electoral lists at the polling-booths, among the graduates from your town's high school, and on the directories of the big office buildings of New York, San Francisco, and Chicago. They are inscribed on the Honor Rolls of those who took up arms for America in the Great War. Here is the roll of New England boys, dead on the fields of France, as it appeared in a Boston paper on a January morning in 1918:

NEW ENGLAND BOYS ON CASUALTY LIST

Killed in Action

Buxton, Corp. Vernon C.	Burlington, Vt.
Karzomaroyk, Corp. Marion	Ansonia, Ct.
Shanse, Corp. Joseph J.	Torrington, Ct.
LeFrançois, Priv. Rowell J.	Turlant, Vt.
Medeiros, Priv. John P.	New Bedford, Mass.
Mikenezonis, Priv. Stanley	Bridgeport, Ct.
Moschelio, Priv. Salvatore	Charlestown, Mass.
Murad, Priv. John S.	Portland, Maine.

All but one are "foreign" names, you will say, meaning by that, not Anglo-Saxon, since we have half unconsciously carried on the custom which prevailed in Colonial New England, of entering in the town records all arrivals from Great Britain as "From Home," and anyone coming from any other country as a "Foreigner."

American Race Problem Not New

True it is that the early colonization of America was largely Anglo-Saxon, but there were other forces at work in the New World as well. Dutch settlements along the Hudson established a civilization as distinct from the Puritan communities of New England as from the manorial life of Virginia and the Carolinas. Along the Great Lakes and down the Mississippi into Louisiana were French settlements, traces of which remain in such names as Joliet, Dubuque, St. Louis, Baton Rouge. New Orleans has to this day retained many aspects of the time when it was the capital of New France, and loyal Creole ladies plotted the rescue of Napoleon from his exile at St. Helena. Stories are still told by the descendants of early settlers in Wisconsin, of French émigrés who took up land there when the revolution swept the Bourbons from their throne and brought the old régime to its tragic close.

They were ill prepared for pioneer conditions, those gentlemen and ladies of old France. It was a far cry from the dancing salons of Versailles to the forests of the Northwest, but they were game. Though many of them were scorned by their hardier neighbors because they wore kid gloves to protect their hands against the plow and spade, they and their sons have added

their own chapter to the history of our Middle West.

As early as 1638, a colony of Swedes settled on Christiania Creek in the present state of Delaware, and the Dutch governor of New Amsterdam considered this so serious an intrusion on his territory, that he hastily rebuilt the previously abandoned Fort Nassau, near what is now Camden, New Jersey. The Swedes, however, gradually extended their colony to a point opposite Trenton, and their governor built a fort and took up his residence on the island of Tinicum, below Philadelphia. But although this and the other Swedish outposts were captured by the Dutch not many years later, the Swedes remained in full possession of their farms and villages, and added another racial element to American life.

Even before the English settlements at Jamestown and Plymouth, the quest for gold had led Spanish conquistadores into Florida from the West Indies, and then across Texas and Arizona into California, where the ruins of ancient forts, walled cities, and mission churches tell the story of Spain's struggle for dominion in the Western world. It was a Spanish explorer who first set the white man's sail on the Mississippi, and from the Spaniards' horses descended the bands of wild mustangs which only a generation ago roamed over the Southwest and became the foundation of more than one rancher's fortune.

The Spanish imprint on America remains strong to this day. In Texas, Arizona, and New Mexico are not a few small isolated villages where Spanish is still the accepted tongue, and the population, a mixture of Spanish and Indian, though American-born for many generations, is alien to much that we consider "American" in customs and habits of thought. All through the Southwest Spanish names are the rule and not the exception. Some of these have undergone surprising changes, as in the case of the river, a tributary of the Arkansas, named by the Spaniards *Las Animas Perdidas*. As the French followed the trail of the Spaniard, this became by natural transition *La Purgatoire*, and when in his turn came the American "Cow-puncher," with a better ear for phonetics than for French, he promptly dubbed it the *Picket-Wire*, which name it holds to this very day.

About 1765, a small colony of Greeks found their way to the east coast of Florida and established there near New Smyrna a fishing village closely resembling those on the shore of the Bosphorus. Portuguese sailors had already settled here and there along the Massachusetts and Rhode Island coast, while William Penn's liberal attitude had attracted to Pennsylvania large settlements of Mennonites and Moravians, who were oppressed in their homelands.

But all these Europeans who laid claim to the

New World were, after all, seizing a continent already inhabited. Red-skinned tribes, native Americans, but miscalled Indians by those early voyageurs who thought they had found at last on the American coastline the farthest reach of India, roamed forests and plains. Where did they come from? With what racial group are they allied? There are those who believe the American red man to be a descendant of the ancient Egyptians, and who profess to find in the folk-lore of those tribes of Pueblo Indians of our Southwest traces of Egyptian mythology. But from whatever racial group the red man came, he was the earliest American. We, of European stock, whether Anglo-Saxon, Slavic, Celtic, or Latin, became in a sense *his* race problem.

How many Indians there were in America when European colonization began, it is difficult to say. Dr. Charles Eastman thinks that the number was about half a million. In the century that followed the Revolution and which marked the white man's conquest of the West, that number was sadly depleted. Then we began to speak of the red men as "vanishing Americans." Recent census returns, however, show that the number of Indians is steadily increasing, and the census of 1921 reports 340,838 persons of the red race in the United States.

This increase is due in no small measure to

the work of many devoted missionaries who have fought the ravages of disease, economic want, ignorance, immorality, and unsanitary living conditions—leading the Indian to find a worthy place in his community.

One more racial group must not be overlooked—the Negroes, brought first to Jamestown as early as 1619 in a Dutch vessel named, with pitiful significance, the *Jesus*.

Throughout the South where the astute slave-traders—many of whom were Dutch and Yankee skippers from New York and Boston—found a ready market for their human wares, there quickly grew up large colonies of Negroes owned by the rich planters. The Negro quarters on the plantations were altogether foreign in their speech and customs. Through succeeding generations the black man held to his African dialect, his customs, and strange religious ceremonies with the dogged devotion of all exiles. The slaves were a foreign people, captives in a strange land, scorned and distrusted by their white masters, as the well-known “Negro Plot” of 1741, which threw New York into an unreasoning panic, bears tragic testimony. At this time the city contained about ten thousand inhabitants, nearly one fifth of whom were Negro slaves. The readiness on the part of the Dutch and English inhabitants to credit rumors of a Negro conspiracy to seize the city, and the

stringent measures adopted by the City Fathers to prevent Negro assemblages, testify to the racial antipathies which swayed men's minds in the North, as well as in our Southern States.

Thus, at the time when the Declaration of Independence proclaimed America a nation, more than one third of her citizens did not speak English. They were separated into many dissimilar groups, which cherished ancient racial suspicions inherited from European wars, and carried down in folk-tale and legend. The Adamses of Boston distrusted the Schuylers and Van Rensselaers of Albany. Virginian gentlemen had only scorn for the Quaker dress and plain speech of Penn's colonists. The small population of the Union was composed of different races and of almost hostile communities. There was a lasting feud between the Dutch at Albany and the people of New England. . . . The Germans settled in Pennsylvania retained their national customs and language, and were almost an alien race. Huguenot colonies existed in several portions of the country. The north of Ireland had poured forth a stream of emigrants. Swedish settlements attracted the notice of Kalm along the Delaware. In North Carolina a clan of Highlanders had brought to the New World an intense loyalty and a new racial admixture. The division of race and language offered a strong obstacle to any perfect union of the colonies.



A KOREAN FAMILY ARRIVING AT ANGEL ISLAND, CALIFORNIA



FOOD OFFERED TO THE DEAD AT A CHINESE FUNERAL IN A WESTERN STATE

In view of these facts, it is no small wonder that such thoughtful patriots as John Adams, James Madison, and Alexander Hamilton—to mention only a few—entertained deep misgivings over the possibility of welding this polyglot assemblage of colonists into a self-governing nation.

Hamilton openly admitted that he had very little faith in the form of republican government outlined by the Continental Congress, which seemed to him impracticable to establish over so extensive a territory as the United States—then less than half its present size. Madison, likewise, when the country was discussing a proposed bill for the rapid naturalization of foreigners which it was thought would hasten the settlement of vacant lands, expressed grave doubts of the value of such haphazard Americanization processes.

Even Jefferson, the great advocate of democracy, was fearful of the effects of unlimited European immigration on the spirit of America, and asked “whether the present desire of Americans to produce rapid population by as great importations of foreigners as possible” was really good policy. His argument was that “in proportion to their numbers they will share with us the legislation, they will infuse into it their spirit, warp and bias its directions, and render it a heterogeneous, incoherent, distracted mass.”

But as we know today, the great experiment

did work. America, having weathered civil, border, and foreign wars, has not only preserved its unity, but it has developed out of the many racial groups which founded it, a national consciousness and a unique personality.

The characteristics which distinguished the fighting men of the A.E.F. from the soldiers of other lands, though many a man who wore Uncle Sam's uniform had only his citizenship papers between him and those other armies, were not derived from any one race. Rather, they were born of the mingling of many races—Celt and Latin, Anglo-Saxon, Teuton, and Slav. Just as the English-reading public of today has the "heritage of Milton and Shakespeare," the average American citizen is the spiritual descendant of Washington and Lafayette, Steuben, Kosciusko, and a hundred unrecorded heroes of foreign origin. The English poet's "Norman and Saxon and Dane, are we," would have to be so amplified to fit us, as to include one hundred nationalities, and throw the rhyming dictionaries into confusion.

What Is Race?

Scientists and historians differ very widely as to the distinctions which make race. There are those who would classify race groups according to skull measurements; others seek the root of

race difference in the glands. Dr. Speer says: "It is not, however, of germ plasm or cranial measures or thyroid or pituitary glands that the man in the street is thinking when he talks of race and race characteristics. . . . It is not chiefly a matter of color either of skin or of blood. Predominantly it is a matter of group-culture and inheritance. . . . In strict scientific sense there is no sure racial classification, nor any sure theory of racial origin. There is only the possibility of a broad division of human groups marked with more or less vague general characteristics of color and habitat and culture, of inheritance and social standards and ideals."¹

Some Modern Aspects

Within our land today are more than twenty million men and women who are foreign born. Their children number twenty-five millions more. To the already diverse racial elements that comprised America, immigration during the last half century has added groups from every country in Europe and Asia. Between the Atlantic coast and the Pacific you will hear every tongue spoken under heaven: you will find men and women of every color—red, yellow, black, and white; you will encounter every political and religious belief. In the "Chinatowns" of San Francisco and New York, the birthday of Confucius is cele-

¹ Speer, Robert E., *Of One Blood*, Chap. I.

brated with the same solemn pomp and ritual that marks the day in far-away Shanghai and Canton. Buddha is enshrined in every large city on the Pacific coast, and thousands of children, born of Japanese parents in this country and therefore future citizens of America, pay reverent homage to the great god of the oriental world. With nearly four million Jews in the United States, America has become the center of Jewish world influence. The feasts and fasts of the Mosaic law have become a part of civic life in many of the large Eastern cities, where Yom Kippur brings large crowds to the synagogues and closes many places of business down-town.

Where are these foreign-born citizens of ours? The answer is, "Everywhere." Of the population of New York City more than four millions fall within this classification, and the census reports of other large industrial centers and seaports yield approximately the same proportions. If you will take a map of the United States and draw a line from the Canadian boundary just north of Duluth southward to St. Louis, then eastward through Washington to the Atlantic, you will have marked off a segment which equals about one seventh of our continental territory, yet within these lines live one fourth of our total population, and of the foreigners who seek our shores no less than eighty-two per cent land here, and seventy-five per cent never go beyond.

The garment factories of New York, the shoe factories and textile mills of New England, the silk industries of New Jersey, the mines of Pennsylvania, southern Ohio, Illinois, and West Virginia, the steel mills and glass furnaces of Pittsburgh, the meat-packing plants and railroad yards of Chicago, the lumber camps of Michigan and Wisconsin, and the dairy farms of Minnesota are operated in the main by foreign labor.

But while the tendency of the newly arrived immigrant seems to be to remain near the large cities and not far from the point of debarkation, there are vast numbers who have pressed farther west, spreading over Nebraska, Iowa, and the Dakotas, where three out of every five farmers are of foreign birth. Still others have penetrated to the mining camps and ranches of the Southwest, meeting there the many Spanish-speaking folk, native-born Americans for generations; and on into California and Oregon and Washington, where they meet the incoming tide of immigration from the Orient.

Not all are settled in the cities. There are, throughout the length and breadth of our land, many foreign villages where daily life goes on much as it did in the small towns of the Old World from which these people came. Many have become tenant farmers, or have invested their savings in abandoned farms which Americans of older lineage are no longer willing to

work, and so enter rural life. There is today not a city, and scarcely a small town or village that has not its foreign element. The man from Damascus, from Athens, Rome, Cracow, and Kobe jostles elbows with the crowd on Broadway and Main Street.

Often enough these days one hears disquieting comments on these facts of our great foreign population. There are those who trace in it the downfall of the Anglo-Saxon race. The thousands of Slavs and Latins who since the beginning of the century have been coming to America in ever-increasing numbers, and whose birth-rate here is greatly in advance of that of the Anglo-Saxon groups, are likened to the hordes of Goths and Vandals which swept down over Europe in the Dark Ages and destroyed the old civilization.

But there is this great and pertinent distinction between the movement of those barbaric tribes and the coming of their descendants to America: the Goths and Vandals moved as tribes, in mass formation; the aliens who seek our shores come as individuals or family groups. They come with homemaking intent. This should be sufficient argument to meet the forebodings of those who view every foreigner as a menace; who credit every man and woman born under another flag than the Stars and Stripes with all the evil that human flesh is heir to, and none of the good; and

who demand belligerently, “Why don’t they stay where they belong?”

Well, why don’t they?

Some Causes of Migration

It is generally conceded by historians that four motives lie back of the migration of peoples—war, oppression, overpopulation, and labor. The early comers to America, the Pilgrims, Quakers, and Moravians, sought refuge here from religious and political oppression. The many Russian and Polish Jews, and the Armenians who have emigrated to the United States within the last quarter century have been actuated by the same longing. The Irish potato famine of 1848 influenced the emigration of large numbers of Irish, and the same year saw a marked increase in the number of immigrants from Germany, due to the political upheaval there. In the years following directly upon the Italian struggle for independence emigration from Italy increased over three hundred per cent, and it has been growing steadily ever since then. America has felt the quiver of every social and political movement in Europe for the past century.

Prior to 1880 most of those who found their way to our shores were of northern stock, but about that time the tide of immigration changed, and the Italians, Slavs, Hebrews, and Syrians

began to outnumber newcomers from Great Britain, Germany, and the Scandinavian countries. This influx from southern Europe was brought about by several factors. First, the expansion of American industries and the growth of building created a demand for the kind of labor which did not attract workers from northern Europe, but which the southern Europeans were prepared and willing to fill. Increased facilities of transportation and cheap rates of passage were other factors, as well as the inducements offered by the many Mediterranean steamship companies, whose agents did not hesitate to advertise America as a land flowing with milk and honey, where work was plentiful and well paid, and where the most ordinary citizen had a fair chance of becoming President.

They say there's bread and work for all,
That the sun shines always there—

Here, at last, was that golden Elysium of the poets, the land of opportunity and wealth and ease—America! It was a word to conjure with, whose very syllables rang with glorious promise. The land of freedom from oppression, where rich man and poor man stood shoulder to shoulder at their common task; where woman stepped from her Old World position as an inferior creature to full equality with man; where work was plentiful, and wages high; and a man might own

his own land paying no tribute to an overlord, but only his just tax to the State which protected him in return; where education was the right and privilege of all, and a man's religion was regarded as a private matter between his own soul and God, to be respected and unmolested. What wonder that every year saw thousands of pilgrims setting their faces westward toward the land of golden promise across the sea?

From the Land of the Argonauts

“Why did you come to America?” a visitor asked a young Greek, a patient in the convalescent ward of one of Chicago's big hospitals. Quite simply, in his hesitating English, he told her of his home in the little village of white-washed stone houses that clung perilously to the green hillside as it rose, girdled with vineyards, from the blue waters of the Gulf of Patras; of the life that was theirs, their years measured by the primitive calendar of seed-time and vintage and harvest. For the livelihood of all in that village was bound up in the carefully trimmed vines, whose leaves made a lace-like pattern on the hard white road that ran down the mountainside, along the gulf, and on to Patras, with its busy harbor where ships from all the corners of the world dropped anchor. That was the boy's world. To what might lie the other side of the hills, or

beyond the sparkling water, he gave no thought. Sometimes rumors reached them of disturbances at Athens, of changes in the king's government, and threatened uprisings, and whispers of revolution—above all, of that ever-menacing terror, the Turk. And when the talk was of this, the boy's father would shake his head, and mutter fiercely under his breath, for, during the years when he was doing his military service, he had taken part in wild fighting in Thessaly, when the Greek army had been forced to retreat from their frontier, and more than one hapless Greek village was left to its fate under Turkish rule. To love Greece, and liberty, and the Christian faith; to hate the Turk—this was Thimitri's creed.

Then one day a stir ran through the village. A stranger who wore on his hand a ring set with flashing red and white jewels had driven up the mountain road and sat on the bench outside the inn door telling tales of a country far across the sea, a land called America, where tall buildings reached to the sky and wealth lay waiting to be picked up in the streets. The simple village folk stood spellbound. There was work there for everyone, he told them. In a single day a man might earn more than was paid for a whole week's labor on the wharfs at Patras; a few months, and one would save enough to return and buy a vineyard, even such a one as that whose ownership made Gerasimos Dainopoulos the envy and the

power of the village. Casually, the stranger mentioned three or four "smart lads" who began life in America as newsboys and were now, in their middle age, great merchant princes, with houses and lands and servants, and their photographs in the newspapers.

For all that week the vineyards were deserted, the goats were left to forage for themselves, while young and old talked of nothing but America, America,—the Elysian land that lay splendid and golden beyond the sunset. Thimitri and his brother Stefano, lying on their husk bed under the eaves, talked in low whispers until far into the night. If they could find their way there! In America two such sturdy lads, the stranger had said, would soon make a fortune. A few months' work, a little saving, and there would be fat checks to send home, enough to provide dowries for the two girls, to purchase a vineyard of their own, and make the father and mother happy and rich and proud in their old age. In the city of Chicago—such queer difficult names as the cities in America had—was already a large colony of Greeks; the stranger himself had been there, and offered to give them letters to a friend of his, the proprietor of a bootblackening establishment, who would surely hire them.

"At first our father would not listen to our pleading, and our mother burned many candles before the sacred ikon. But after we had brought

the stranger himself to talk with them, they consented. My father opened the chest under his bed and took from it the *drachmas* to pay for the tickets which the stranger brought. He and my mother had been saving them ever since their marriage, and now when the tickets had been paid for, there were so few left! It made my mother weep, but we told her that it would not be long before we, Stefano and I, would fill the chest with *drachmas* from America.”

So it was that one morning the two brothers set forth down the mountain road with the whole village calling blessings after them, on their way to America. The ship that was to take them lay waiting at the wharf in Patras.

The voyage was a glorious adventure. On that one ship were hundreds of youths like themselves, from every city and country district in Greece. They too had caught echoes of that land of magic possibilities and set forth for it with the ardor of those long-ago countrymen of theirs, who sailed with Jason in search of the Golden Fleece. There were sunburnt shepherds and farmers from Roumania and Bulgaria, going out to the wheat fields of America's Middle West; furtive Jews from Odessa and Kief; and tall, bearded Russians from the Black Sea villages—all with eager faces turned westward, and eager tongues discussing the glories of the future. What a voyage it had been! It was several weeks from the time the

ship left Patras to the day when a great shout went up from the forward deck, as out of the harbor mist towered the figure of a goddess with hand upraised, beckoning, welcoming—America at last!

Out through the gates of Ellis Island,—no quotas or restricted immigration in those days,—their papers viséd and approved, and with a clean bill of health, walked these two Americans of the future. Coupons attached to their steamship tickets were exchanged for railroad tickets, and after two days on the train, the first train that either boy had ever seen and by far the worst part of the long journey, they landed in Chicago.

The stranger was as good as his word. Within a week both boys had jobs in a bootblackening “parlor” in the Loop, and all day long and far into the night they brushed and rubbed and polished the shoes of those privileged to walk the golden streets of America, while overhead the crowded elevated trains rattled by, and the din of the great city throbbed in their ears. When at last their day’s work was done, they hurried back to the cheap lodging house that was “home,” too tired and too disillusioned to venture away from the streets they knew best, for the city terrified them. English was still a mystery, and working nine and ten hours a day polishing shoes offered no opportunity of learning the language.

There was no one to tell them of night schools for foreigners, of the classes which the Y.M.C.A. and many of the churches offered. The few friends they made among their own race were as poor and as unenlightened as themselves. Moreover, the wages which seemed so munificent when compared with wages at home, proved scarcely adequate to meet all the demands of life in America. Their room, poor as it was, cost an amazing amount per week when one remembered the rental of a whole cottage in the village at home. Food, too, was ruinously expensive, and clothing proved a heavy item in their budget if not on their backs. Chicago winters are bitterly cold, and neither boy was prepared for, or expected, the heavy snows which made walking to and from work a severe hardship to those born and bred in a southern climate. Only by rigid self-denial—Stefano went without lunch more days in the week than he ate it, and Thimitri's shoes, while neatly polished, were worn so thin that he felt every cobblestone a torture—could they send the money-orders which were to pay back the *drachmas* to the family chest.

So one year went by. Then, through a Greek society, a branch of which they were advised by their fellow bootblacks to join, the two brothers found work as waiters in a small Greek restaurant. Here they progressed in their knowledge of English, and when summer came round,

Stefano was emboldened to go out into the suburbs with a push-cart, selling fruits and vegetables for a fellow countryman who bought them cheap at the freight terminals. The peddler's cart marked the turn in their fortunes. The money-orders sent with religious faithfulness grew steadily larger, and there was a growing deposit in the Postal Savings Bank which should mean before long capital for a business of their own.

“And now the two sisters are married to good men with farms of their own. The mother is dead, and our father does not have to work hard any more because of what we send him. This year we bring out the little brother Costa, and all three, we open a fruit store where we make lots of money. The little brother, he does not have the bad time in America as Stefano and me.”

The Call of America

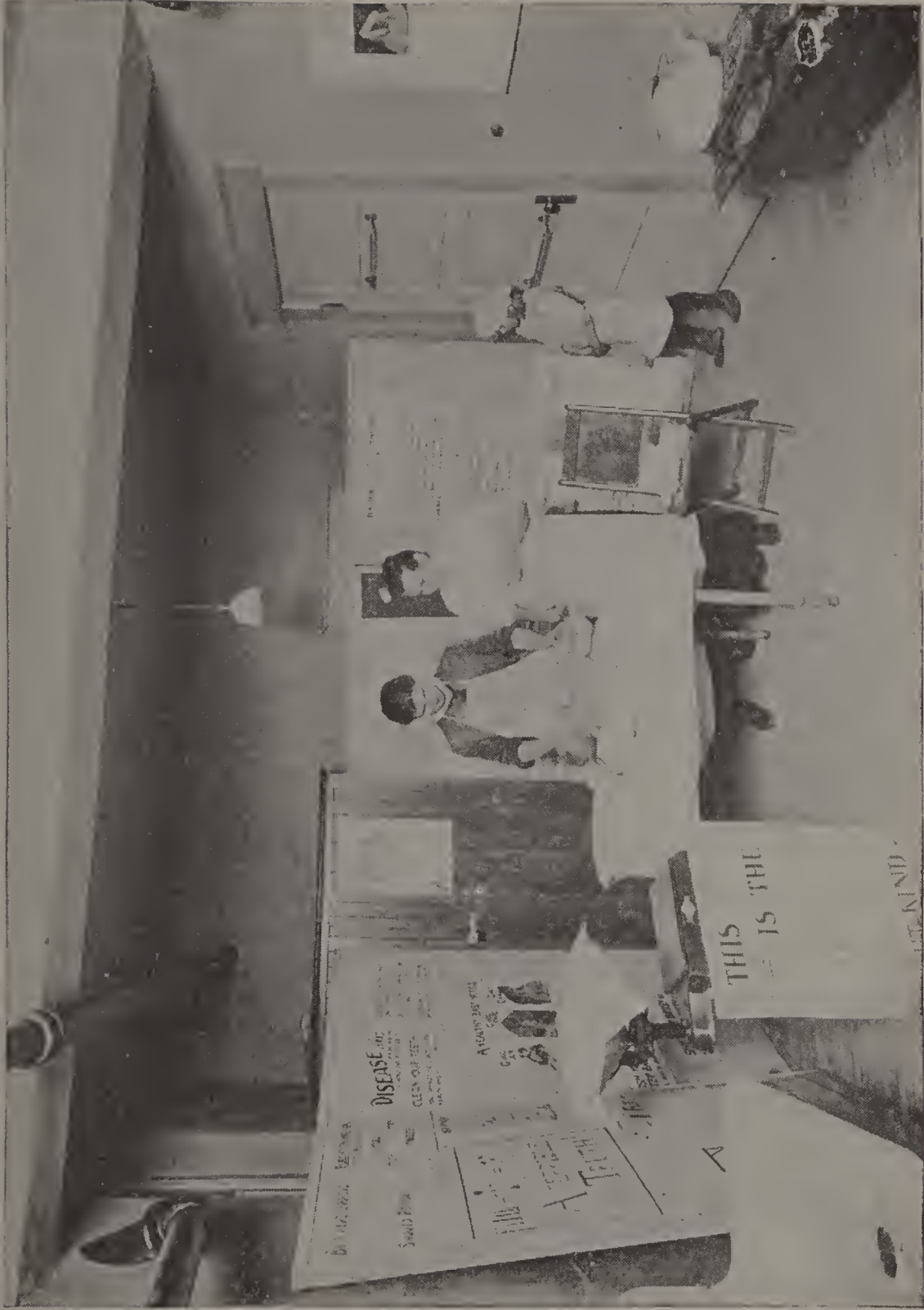
The story of Stefano and Thimitri is repeated not once, but many times over in the lives of our foreign-born citizens. It is the story of the Ruthenian girl who works ten hours a day in a sweat-shop, eating unwholesome meals in a cheap and dirty restaurant, and sleeping at night in a tiny tenement room whose one window opens on an airshaft, that she may save enough out of her twelve dollars a week to “bring out” a younger

sister and give her a chance in the New World, which, for all its hardships, is still so much better and fairer than the old one across the Atlantic. It is the story of the young Pole who, when asked why he had come to America, replied: "I came to this country because I heard of the freedom and luxury in America. The freedom is mean that men have right to elect for any office if man have some ability. This country give me a better piece of bread and clothes. I came to this country for these things, but I find something better."

It is with that "something better" that we as Christians are concerned. How are we to show these newcomers that America holds for them something better than the "better piece of bread and clothes," something finer than education, something more satisfying to the soul than democracy?

The Vexed Question of Immigration

No national policy has been subjected to so much discussion in the last three years as our policy toward immigration. For all those who demand an open door and the encouragement of immigrant labor, there are opposed just as many who hold that our American ideals and institutions are being threatened by an "alien invasion," and that we should not take in more foreigners than we can assimilate. Strong argu-



A BABY CLINIC AND CHILD HEALTH DEMONSTRATION IN A CHURCH NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSE



A CENTER FOR COMMUNITY WORK IN THE TENNESSEE MOUNTAINS

ments are advanced on both sides, and various bills have been introduced into Congress. In all these measures the quota system, permitting the entrance of a specified number of citizens from each foreign country based on the number of citizens of that country living in the United States on a given date, is taken as a foundation.

According to all these bills, each immigrant, before he can be admitted to the United States, must obtain an immigration certificate from an American consul. Special provision is made for the admission in excess of quota of immigrants whose immediate relatives are citizens. Petitions must be filed with the Commissioner General and the relationship established before immigration certificates will be issued to such relatives by the consular authorities abroad. Certificates of arrival are to be issued to all admitted aliens, and unlawful entry into the United States is punishable with deportation.

Close under the sheltering arm of that goddess who seemed to the two Greek boys to have a special welcome for them, is Ellis Island, through whose offices must pass every immigrant seeking admission to our shores through the port of New York. Just within the Golden Gate which guards the harbor of San Francisco, Angel Island serves as the same kind of half-way station to newcomers from the Orient, the South Seas, and the west-coast countries of South America. Boston,

Providence, Philadelphia, Seattle are other gateways through which the immigrant tide runs in.

In the inspection halls and detention rooms are enacted every day all the dramas of human existence.

A young Croatian woman, a war widow, with a little boy of six, arrived at Ellis Island and declared her intention of going out to Montana to become housekeeper for a man from her own village. The man was an American citizen, a widower with three children. When the officials explained to her through an interpreter that under the immigration laws no "lone" women are admitted or allowed to go to homes without proper moral and financial protection, and unless she intended to marry the man, she and her little boy must be deported, she became frantic with distress. Again and again she reiterated that there was no intention of marriage, that she was to work for the man as a paid housekeeper, and while her case was referred to Washington for special inquiry, she sat day after day in the detention room, weeping despondently, while the small boy played listlessly at her feet.

There one of the workers of the Committee of Immigrant Aid, the organization composed of representatives from thirty-four religious and social agencies which carries on all the relief work at Ellis Island, sought her out and tried to engage her in conversation. But to all the

missionary's probings she made the one reply—and the questions, gentle as they were, seemed to bring forth only fresh tears. She did, however, consent, after all manner of persuasions, to allow the little boy to be taken upstairs to the kindergarten, where, under the direction of another Immigrant Aid worker, little folk of all nations, whose parents are held for one reason or another, gather to play, to learn their first English words, and where they receive their first ideas of what America really means.

After the first day in that friendly, noisy, polyglot atmosphere, where Ignac Polozai, whose five years had been lived in Warsaw, let him play with his pet particular wooden bear, and Gudrun Hansell, late of Stockholm, showed him when to clap his hands and stamp his foot in the folk-game they played, little Joseph made friends rapidly. He got over his fear of the baths, where a white-capped nurse showed his mother how to bathe him, and where he and she too were fitted out with fresh clothing from the store closet of the Immigrant Aid. He ran and shouted and played with the other children on the open upper porch, and each day in the kindergarten he learned to "salute" the banner of red and white stripes with the star-spangled field of blue. He learned too to say "Good morning" in English to the friendly kindergarten lady, and more shyly to the other ladies who came and

talked with his mother, and seemed to try so hard to make friends with her.

Little Joseph could not understand her protracted weeping. Life here was a great deal more pleasant than it had been in the cramped quarters on board ship. Even in Blizna, already a dim memory, there had been no cheerful place to play, no piano, and never any singing or dancing, only sad talk of something called "the war," and not always enough to eat.

"Why do you cry, Mother?" he asked her, when she barely glanced at the purple and yellow paper mat which he and Antonio Cretelli had woven that morning in the kindergarten. "This is a friendly place. All the people here are good to me."

That seemed to break through the mother's stubborn reserve. Still weeping, she sought out the missionary whose friendly advances she had hitherto ignored, and poured out to her the whole story. The man in Montana was waiting to marry her. He had sent her the passage money for herself and the little boy. But coming over on the ship someone had told her if the authorities knew this, they would hold her and compel the man to make the long journey from Montana, a trip which she knew he could not afford, to marry her there. So she had determined to say nothing of their plans and to declare that she was coming merely to work for him.

A telegram was quickly despatched to the Montana address and brought a prompt reply confirming the man's honorable intentions, while stating that affidavits of marriage were being sent by mail. The case was recalled from Washington, and the Board of Special Inquiry, on receiving the papers, granted the woman admission. Under the care of the missionary whose friendliness she now relied upon as firmly as she had at first distrusted it, the mother and little Joseph found their way across the harbor to New York, and on board the train which was to take them to their new home. A telegram to the Travelers' Aid in Chicago assured their being met and cared for in that city where they had to change trains.

Sometimes it is an old mother coming to America to end her days in the home which her children's industry has established for her here. Her son is to meet her, but his train is delayed, and homesick and terrified she waits in the detention rooms, sometimes for several days. She is all alone in a strange country. She knows not one word of English, and she views the uniforms of the guards with dread suspicion. When she is called before one of the Special Inquiry Boards, they seem to her as terrifying as a Bolshevist tribunal. Even the official interpreter cannot rid her of the fear that prison and perhaps death lie beyond the detention-room door.

But there is one tongue which she cannot fail

to understand, one language which does not sound harsh or menacing to her ears—the *lingua Franca* of friendliness. To her the quiet missionary who comes to sit beside her, bringing some little gift of clothing or illustrated papers, who smiles as she stumbly pronounces a greeting in the old woman's native dialect, who interprets the interpreter, and holds out a sure hope of the son's speedy arrival, is a friend—her first in America. And because of that one friendship, America becomes less fearsome to her. When the son does come at last, how proudly she presents him to "my friend," and how amazedly she looks on as they converse in fluent English.

Sometimes it is a wife, journeying to regain the husband from whom she has been separated for several years, who has lost the paper on which is printed the address in a distant city to which she must find her way. All she can remember is the name of the city itself, and there is much telegraphing to be done by the willing Immigrant Aid missionaries, while she sits distressed and weeping, surrounded by the bundles of household goods which are to furnish the new home if ever she finds her way to it.

Or it may be a child, left behind in the little Old World village with relatives while the father and mother are working hard to lay the cornerstone of a new home in America, who is now brought over by a neighbor and left at the

detention hall "to be called for" by proper guardians.

The Gate of Understanding

In many ways our missionaries minister to America's newcomers. To those held in the detention rooms or in the hospitals at the immigrant ports of entry, they bring spiritual as well as material comforts. For while the store closets, supplied by the home missions societies of the various churches, yield clothing for those in need, toys for the children, books and magazines and sewing to interest the anxious women, it is the gift of personal interest and friendliness that is most sorely needed. In the big waiting-room at Ellis Island an organ has been installed, the gift of a recent Commissioner whose mother and father were "immigrants" and knew the alternate hopes and fears that sway the men and women of today who have felt the lure of America. Here, every Sunday morning, three services are held, a mass for the Roman Catholics, a service for Jews, and one for all Protestants. This ministry has long arms, too, which stretch out to shield and guide and uphold these newcomers to our shores. In Boston, San Francisco, and in other cities are Homes where immigrant women and girls find a welcome and a safe lodging until they locate relatives or are embarked on their

new jobs. Sometimes funds must be lent to those in financial distress. Men and women must be recommended to reliable employment agencies where they will receive fair play and which will not charge them heavily for finding the desired job. Young girls who are traveling alone to some distant point must be seen safely to their trains and referred to the Travelers' Aid workers at terminals and junctions along the way, to protect them from the advances of men and women who might take advantage of their "strangeness" and ignorance. Often, too, word is sent ahead to pastors and visiting missionaries that a family is on its way to that town, and to "look out for them."

Who shall measure the workings of God's Spirit in these simple beginnings? Who shall say to whom the gift is given, remembering that "inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

The Promise of America

We have seen that the race problem of our country is no new thing. From the beginning, our great adventure in democracy has had all the problems of race to contend with. Yet, the ideal of a nation welded together of all races, castes, and creeds has proved sound, and this because it is founded on the fundamental truth

that before an individual is a Greek, a German, or a Japanese, he is a man. The bonds of our common humanity are older and drive deeper into men's souls than the differences of race, color, or nationality. Human beings are more alike than they are different. The Eskimo, the Peruvian, the Roumanian, and the Idaho rancher, all are primarily interested in the same things—in securing food, shelter, and clothing for themselves and their children, in the safeguarding of their homes, in the pursuit of life, liberty, and happiness.

This is the common meeting-ground of all mankind. Again and again Christ bids his followers watch not for the difference between man and man,—that is, to fall into the sin of the Pharisee who prayed, “God, I thank thee that I am not as other men are,”—but for the points of likeness. So, when Jesus begins His parables, it is most frequently with the words, “There was a man,” not “There was a Jew,” or a Greek, or a Roman, or a Scythian, but—“There was a *man*.” The Christian ideal of the brotherhood of man, to which all of the Lord's followers are pledged, refuses to acknowledge the physical differences which make race, the geographical differences which make nationality, or the economic differences which make caste. Only out of our common likeness can we hope to build the kingdom of God on earth.

Before the Christian peoples of America, therefore, there lies a God-given opportunity. Here in this land of many races and tongues the way is open to adventures in Christian brotherhood. Under a flag which promises freedom and hospitality to men of every race there can be no room for bitterness or prejudice or jealous pride. From its beginning our government has accepted its common obligation toward all its citizens, insuring to each and every one the same security and justice; but as we have gradually developed our resources and taken our place among the great nations of the world, we have come to see that the many dissimilar groups which comprise these United States cannot hope to live together and work together on a friendly footing without a bond stronger than that of common citizenship, a bond founded on mutual understanding and sympathy which pierces deeper than the surface.

Here, then, is a task not for our government alone, but for the Christian Church, and especially for the individual Christian. You cannot legislate against prejudice, nor can you instil the spirit of friendliness where it does not grow of itself. Only through the spirit of Christian brotherhood can we hope to achieve our ideal of a democracy, and build here in America the kingdom without walls.

II

NEW HOMES A-BUILDING

CHRISTMAS in Our Town—a white Christmas which laid glittering snow burdens on the pines in the little park opposite the church and filled our streets with the wine of festivity and good-will. At most of the windows hung wreaths of holly and pine, and scarcely a porch but held its evergreen tree, waiting there in the cold dark for the magic moment when it should be brought in and budded with all manner of festal fruit—tinsel and shining balls and knobby, tissue-wrapped packages.

A warmer friendliness than that of everyday was abroad, and the busiest homemakers, doing their hurried, last-minute marketing, basket on arm, found time to stop and clasp hands and call cheery greetings to each other across the way. A little later, as the stars came out, candles blossomed behind the window-panes, spreading their gentle radiance to light the pathway of the Little Lord, and from the opened church door came echoes of the choir practising:

Tell how He cometh; from nation to nation
The heart-cheering news let the earth echo round,
How free to the faithful He offers salvation,
His people with joy everlasting are crowned,
Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing,
Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King.

In the narrow sitting-room behind Bernard Czerney's Home Bakery on Main Street, Mrs. Czerney sat alone. The air was heavily sweet with the scent of fresh-baked cakes—four-tiered *vanochy* rich with raisins and sugar, *smasenky*, and little *buchtý* filled with jelly as red as the gay holly berries—dozens and dozens of cakes made from the recipes treasured by generations of Bohemian housewives and handed down from mother to daughter as a precious heritage from the days of good King Wenceslas himself.

The baking of them had kept Mrs. Czerney from her bed all the night before. Now she was very tired. From her chair by the unlighted side window she could hear the repeated tinkle of the bell over the shop door that marked the steady tide of customers that found their way in, lured by the tempting display in the show window. The Bohemian Christmas cakes were a novelty in Our Town. Scarcely a dinner-table but would offer some of them tomorrow.

Yes, business was good—wonderfully good. Her “man” and the two boys who helped him wait on customers, and make change, and carry in the great trays of fresh cakes from the ovens, would be kept busy until very late. Until ten, eleven, twelve o'clock, perhaps. For many of the farmers would be likely to drive in late to see the Community Christmas Tree, and to do their marketing.

And this was Christmas Eve!

Two big tears welled up in Mrs. Czerney's eyes and ran unheeded down her cheeks. Christmas Eve!

From her seat by the unlighted window she could look across the narrow yard and straight into the brightly illumined dining-room of Mrs. George W. Warren—BOOTS AND SHOES was the sign over the street door. There, between the looped-back curtains, passed, as on a stage, all the happy, homey happenings of an American family's Christmas Eve.

With hungry eyes Mrs. Czerney watched each intimate event—Junior's awkward twelve-year-old fingers wrestling with the red ribbon he was tying around the bumpy package labelled "FOR MOTHER"; Mr. Warren's attempt to look unconcerned when Edna surprised him in the act of pinching a long, narrow package on the lowest bough of the Christmas tree; Mrs. Warren setting the supper-table with innumerable interruptions in the way of telephone calls, and visits from neighbors, who seemed to run in on every sort of errand. For Mrs. Warren was President of the Woman's Club, and therefore chairman of the Community Christmas Tree, with its attendant celebration and carol singing, in addition to being friend and neighbor to nearly everyone in Our Town.

All this holiday coming and going Mrs. Czerney

watched with something very like envy rising in her heart. In all the year and a half since she had brought the two boys out from Czechoslovakia to help her "man" in the new business venture toward which he had been working and saving for the six years that he had been in America ahead of them, Mrs. Czerney had not once exchanged a single word with another woman. There were no other Bohemians in Our Town, and between her and the other housewives along Main Street stood the apparently insurmountable barrier of language. To most of them she was just "Baker Czerney's wife—doesn't speak a word of English." Of course she had her husband, reunited after the six years' separation—and the two boys. Such good boys, too, going regularly to school every day to master the English which was far too difficult for their mother's stumbling tongue. And the bakery was a success. They were making money—probably more money than George W. Warren, Boots and Shoes. Already there was a comfortable nest-egg in the bank. But—and it was this that held the chief place in Mrs. Czerney's thoughts as she watched the friendly comings and goings in her neighbor's home—they were not making friends. Apparently no one ever thought of asking the "German Baker" to join the "Happy Go Lucky Club," where the other men gathered in the evenings for friendly talk and discussion

of everything from politics to baseball scores. No one had thought of asking the boys, whose diffidence and broken English kept them behind their rightful grades in school, to join the Scout troop. And as for Mrs. Czerney—"Why, she never even wears a hat; just a shawl over her head." What could she have in common with the rest of us?

So it was, that all alone, the one utterly friendless person in our friendly community, and wearied by her long hard work which was to contribute to the Christmas cheer in Our Town, Mrs. Czerney sat by her darkened window and thought with the longing which only exiles know of the far-away Bohemian village that was still "Home" to her, where the bells would even now be ringing for Christmas Eve.

Tinkle, tinkle, sounded the shop-bell. It was so insistent that Mrs. Czerney did not hear the shy rat-a-tat that sounded at the same time on the side door. It was repeated, more vigorously this time—*RAT-A-TAT-TAT!*

Wearily, Mrs. Czerney rose from her chair, brought a lamp from the kitchen, and unbarred the door. The lamplight fell on the face of her neighbor, Mrs. George W. Warren. She wore a loose cloak over her house-dress, and no hat, but a scarf knotted over her hair—indication that this was not a formal call, but a neighborly visit of the same sort as those Mrs. Czerney had watched

through the other's window. In her outstretched hand were some sprays of glossy laurel, and the orange and scarlet berries of the bittersweet vine.

"To wish you a Merry Christmas," said Mrs. Warren.

The Bohemian woman took the Christmas garland with fingers that trembled. She did not need any great knowledge of English to understand them. Had her neighbor's greeting been in Choctaw, she would still have caught its meaning, for through the simple words ran a message which is the same in every tongue, and in every land, the same message of peace and brotherhood and good-will, as sounded over the roofs of sleeping Bethlehem to herald the birth of the Holy Child.

"Come in," said Mrs. Czerney, in all the English that she had.

The other woman hesitated, afraid, perhaps, of seeming intrusive and officious. But there was that in Mrs. Czerney's wide, blue eyes that compelled her.

"I can stay only a minute," she explained, and took the seat of ceremony on the sofa to which her hostess waved her. "Only, I could not let Christmas come and go without sending you some greeting."

Mrs. Czerney did not reply. She had turned to a low table in one corner where she busied herself over a square, wooden box which her visitor could not see very clearly. There was a



A COMMUNITY HOUSE NEAR A LOGGING CAMP IS A CENTER OF FRIENDLY SERVICE FOR
THE LUMBER JACKS



COLLEGE GIRLS LEADING THE CHILDREN OF CANNERY WORKERS IN A SALUTE
TO THE FLAG

snap, a metallic whir, Mrs. Czerney held up her hand cautioning her guest to silence, as the voice of a great prima donna spoke into the quiet room:

Silent Night, Holy Night!
Son of God, Love's pure light
Radiant beams from Thy holy face
With the dawn of redeeming grace,
Jesus, Lord, at Thy birth.

Reverently, Mrs. Warren heard the song to its close. What need was there of speech? As the Christmas message echoed from the cheap little phonograph, something happened in that drab room behind the bakery on Main Street. The walls seemed to lose their dinginess and grow stately and wide. The lamplight glowed with the radiance of all the stars of heaven, and the two who sat there were no longer an American and a Bohemian, separated by ages of tradition and differences of training; but two sisters, standing with bowed heads and clasped hands before the manger throne of their Lord.

We Americans of the old stock are likely to think of our country as a place of friendliness. Democracy, if it means anything at all, means that. Yet here within our gates, in every city and town and hamlet are homes which are cut off from the life of the community as completely as though they were walled about with the great wall of China. They are the homes of the for-

eigners in our population, the men and women who speak our language with difficulty, to whom our American customs are strange and difficult to understand, whose own habits, when we meet them on the streets or in public places, seem to us outlandish and queer.

It is not the newly arrived foreigner only who is thus cut off from a share in American life. A Russian woman who had lived in Chicago for nine years, whose children had graduated from the grades into the high schools, and whose husband belonged to a Union at the stockyards, admitted that as far as she knew in all those nine years she had never become acquainted with any Americans. The grocer from whom she bought the family supplies, the gas inspector, the landlord's agent who collected the rent, the families next door and across the street and around the corner—all those persons with whom her daily life brought her into contact were as "foreign" as she.

When the "parish visitor" of an Indianapolis church called on Mrs. Cretelli, who had lived in that city for sixteen years and had voted with her husband at the last Presidential election, it was something of a shock to be told that she was the first American who had ever entered that house as a guest. "When they come, I know they want to sell me something," was Mrs. Cretelli's only comment.

Glimpses of the Old World

Incorporated into every one of our great cities are not one, but often several, foreign colonies. There is the Ghetto, with its push-carts laden with every article of clothing, food, and household use; its *kosher* shops and restaurants and markets, its crowded sidewalks where bearded rabbis in tall black hats contrive to keep their appearance of oriental dignity in spite of the jostling and gesticulating and shouting that goes on on every side. Women lean out of second-story windows and carry on animated conversations with friends in the street or across the way. The hum of voices beats upon your ear, and in all the hubbub there is scarcely a word of English. The signs over the shops are in Yiddish; the extras hawked through the streets are printed in Yiddish.

Yet, cross the avenue, walk two or three blocks, and subtly the city alters before your eyes. The Hebrew characters disappear from the shop windows, the signs are all in Italian now, and a placard in a grocery window urges upon all progressive young men the value of a knowledge of English, "so useful for the business," adding that lessons are offered at reasonable rates; for further information apply within.

Another turning, walk across a square, and the city unveils another of its faces—an oriental

face this time, with slanting, almond-shaped eyes.

Is this America? you ask, as you are halted at a crossing while a Chinese funeral procession winds through the street. In advance goes a closed car in which are bowls of rice, roast meats, and sweetmeats to assuage the dead man's hunger on his journey to the next world, with many candles to light his way. The mourners, as they pass, scatter red paper "devil chasers" in reverent caution.

Here is the Chinatown of the joss-houses and curio shops to which the sightseeing automobiles bring crowds of tourists, and about which all manner of exciting mystery stories are told by the professional guides. Not that all the stories are true; quite the contrary. The residents of New York's Chinese colony recently registered a vigorous protest against the tourist barkers who persist in describing the district as a center of vice. "These guides relate stories of crime which never took place," said a Mott Street Chinese merchant. "They characterize the homes of respectable Chinese, inhabited by their wives and children, as opium joints. They point to any building at random and say that murderers are hidden there. We are glad to entertain visitors, but we object to guides who lie about us. The Chinese of Chinatown are Americans, mostly. Their children attend American schools. We Chinese are patriotic and wish to be recognized

as such. We subscribe liberally to worthy enterprises and desire that our children may grow up proud of the American flag. We object to being reviled constantly and without cause. Actually, there is less crime in Chinatown than in any quarter of the city."

Is this the America of which the early patriots dreamed, whose foundations they laid with patient hardihood? Or is it some corner of an Eastern city set down here in our midst and continuing its native life unruffled and undisturbed?

Trying to Be American

The truth is that these foreign settlements are no more representative of the cities from which their inhabitants have come than they are like our ideal of an American city. They are a hybrid civilization in which certain Old World customs and modes of living persist and mingle with abortive attempts at being "American." Young Tony Immolico, whose nimble fingers "snitch" the pears from a fruit-vendor's stall to use them as effective missiles against "da cop," Tony, who is known the length of the block as "the terror," is no more representative of the youth of Italy than he is typical of the boys of America. The Bohemian grocery, the Greek candy store, the Italian fruit-stand, the Chinese curio shop are no more like their prototypes in the Old World

than they are like the Yankee "down East" cross-roads store. But they represent their owners' ideas of American tastes and standards.

The same is true of the homes. In these polyglot cities of ours, in the homes that front upon these streets, in the narrow, ill-lighted flats up many flights of stairs, a family life goes on that is as different from all that we picture as the average American home, as daylight is from dark. The home, whatever its nationality or location, in town or in country, is essentially the woman's kingdom. Here she rules supreme. It is the woman who manages the household, who does the buying of food and clothing and household goods, who presides at the family gatherings. And the home is just as powerful for good or evil in the lives of those it shelters as the ideals of the woman who guides it are high or low. The foreign woman may walk subserviently behind her husband when the two appear together in public; yet for all that, she sets the standard by which both live and to which their children are reared, and this by the sole virtue of her position as the homemaker.

What are the ideals of these foreign homemakers? What do they look for in the homes that they are building in the New World? Precisely what their sister, the American woman whose great-grandfather came over on the *Mayflower*, seeks to achieve in her new home on the

Heights. The ideals are the same, but they are separated by generations of different traditions, by social standards, and the possession or lack of modern living conveniences.

Everyday Home Problems

There are many and grave charges brought against the homes of these new Americans. They are dirty, overcrowded, with little or no regard for sanitation or even the laws of decency. They are breeding places for epidemics and social evils of every sort. The family diet is often badly chosen and badly cooked. The children are insufficiently clothed, ignorantly tended, allowed to grow up without the proper moral and intellectual guidance.

Saddest of all, all of these charges are true in part. Many of our foreign homes are dirty, unsanitary, unhealthy—and why?

To begin with, most of the foreign colonies in our towns are in the oldest and least desirable parts of the city—localities where Americans of older lineage are no longer willing to live. Many of them have housed two or more succeeding racial groups. A section of Chicago thirty years ago was tenanted by Germans; as they made money, they bought land in other parts of the city, and their places were taken by Bohemians, recent arrivals from the Old World, who in turn

are withdrawing from the neighborhood and yielding their old homes to Croatians.

Most of these tenements, once private houses and many of them still owned by great estates or held in trust, were built before our present-day requirements of sanitation, light, and air, and since the neighborhood had deteriorated and the foreigners had come in, it was not thought "good business" to install modern improvements. Thousands of families housed in the crowded sections of our cities live in houses where a single water faucet on a stair landing must do duty for all the tenants living on that floor, sometimes as many as fifteen or twenty. In one ward of a mid-west city which has a large Slovak population, it was found that eighty per cent of these foreign families were forced to use toilets in the cellars or under the sidewalks.

Cleanliness depends in large measure upon opportunities for being clean, as well as on inherited customs and preferences. There are certain non-bathing nationalities, even given every opportunity. The Bulgarian woman who lives in a modern flat will often use the bathtub as a refrigerator, and for no other purpose. The Finns, on the other hand, coming from a country where every family has its *sauna* or bath-house, are not to be included in the common general classification to the effect that "all foreigners are dirty."

An aged Polish woman was brought before the

magistrate's court charged with throwing refuse from her third-floor window into the gutter. The policeman on the beat had remonstrated with her twice, but to no avail. At the third offense he had arrested her. Through the court interpreter it was learned that the old woman had no understanding of what it was all about. Her scanty knowledge of English was not sufficient to grasp the policeman's Irish American. She knew nothing whatever of Board of Health regulations or Sanitary Inspectors. "Where," she demanded of the interpreter, "where was she to put her garbage if not in the gutter?" In her native village everyone from the highest to the lowest did so, and it was eaten by the scavenger pigs. She was doing only as her mother and grandmother had done, following the only housekeeping system that she knew.

Very few European and none of the oriental nations have evolved systems of street cleaning, adequate sewage disposal, or public water supplies, and the housewives who come to America from these old régimes have no understanding of their importance in the eyes of the Western world. These are lessons which they have to learn at the expense of the community, and for which they pay dearly enough in disease and ill health. In Baltimore and Philadelphia there are sections of the city where the old system of surface drainage remains, and it is in these sections

that the foreign element lives, attracted by the cheaper rents and unaware or stupidly careless of the danger to health.

Housing and Public Health

How many epidemics of contagious disease have their origin in these foreign homes it is impossible to estimate, but when one realizes that many of these people regard a physician as an extravagant luxury "only for the rich"; that quarantine regulations are practically unknown or misunderstood and ignored; and that in the cities, at all events, the supply of sunlight and fresh air is limited; it is evident what a great educational program lies before the State Boards of Health. Preventive medicine is still in its infancy in this country, and surely it has a gift for the foreign home. The free publications of the State Health Boards, and of the Children's Bureau of the United States Department of Labor, prepared in many different languages, and dealing with health problems in the home, carry much-needed information. The problem is to introduce them to those who most sorely need them.

Overcrowding is another one of the evils which are responsible for the dirt and unsanitary conditions in many foreign homes. The landlord is seldom unwilling to make all that he can out

of his property, and the foreign tenants usually pay a higher rate in proportion for the space that they occupy and the comforts they receive than native-born Americans pay in better sections of the city.

The simple Roumanian villager who learns with amazement of the high labor wage paid in America, quickly finds on arriving here that any increase in that direction is more than made up for by the high rents he must pay. For the first five or ten years of their life in America, the foreign family must perforce live in crowded quarters, since the great objective is to get ahead by saving money. Seldom a skilled workman, the newly arrived foreigner finds his wages insufficient to give him much room in addition to buying food and allowing for savings. So it comes about that he economizes on space.

It is not at all unusual for families of five and six persons to live in two rooms. In one third of all the Bulgarian homes which were studied by the United States Government Immigration Commission, it was found that every room was used for sleeping purposes. A family in Columbus had seven children in addition to the father, mother, and eleven boarders, yet the flat they occupied contained only three rooms. A Swedish family, newly arrived in a New York State small town, considered renting a cottage that was owned by an old Irishwoman. When the Swedish

housewife hesitated on the ground that the cottage was too small,—it had two rooms and a half attic,—the owner turned on her prospective tenant indignantly: “Too small, is it? Shure, I raised nine childer and a pig in that house. ’Twas not too small for me.”

The Inevitable Boarder

In the smaller industrial settlements where many employees live in company-owned houses, conditions are likely to be better, but even here the eternal problem of saving crops up, and there is scarcely a home without its boarder.

The Immigration Commission’s investigation showed forty per cent of the homes of our foreign-born having boarders or lodgers. In the very congested sections, or near big construction jobs, it is not unusual to find that the beds must do double duty—at night and through the day. The men who work on the night shift pay for the privilege of using them while the day shift is out.

A clergyman living in a small Hudson River town was sent for to conduct the funeral of a child of one of the Hungarian families who worked in the underwear factory. The family lived in two rooms of what had been once a stately mansion, but was now a “foreign” tenement not far from the factory. One room served them as a kitchen; the other was parlor, bedroom, and

living-room combined, and here the funeral service was held, the minister having all he could do to find a place for himself. What was his horror, when he called on the parents a week later, to find that they had made up for the loss in their family, and the expense incidental to the funeral, by taking four boarders.

Sometimes the boarders are merely lodgers who furnish and prepare their own meals independently of the family. This is usually the case with the many unattached women and girls who work in clothing factories and textile mills, in the steam laundries and artificial-flower factories. Two or three girls club together in a room and prepare their own scanty meals in the family kitchen after the house owner has finished her tasks. The girls who live in this way have practically no home life, no home to go to when the day's work is over except their cots in a back bedroom. It is small wonder that one finds them loitering along the streets at all hours, frequenting cheap moving-picture theaters, park benches, and dance halls. It is not that these amusements have an especial appeal for them, but they are the only ones they know, the only places where they can meet other young people.

By opening church parlors and parish halls to these young people, giving them a proper place of recreation and some of the elements of a home life, we can do much, not only to help them toward

citizenship, but to develop their own homemaking abilities. Twenty or thirty years ago most of the unattached foreign women in America were employed as domestic servants. Under the tutelage of American housewives they learned homemaking methods and ideals which, when they married, they put into practise in their own homes. But these thousands of Russian, Hungarian, Czech, and Lithuanian girls who work in the factories and mills, and who have no homes but tiny sleeping quarters in a crowded house—what training have they had for wifhood and motherhood?

The Toll of Life

With few or none of what American housewives regard as necessary household conveniences, in crowded ill-ventilated houses, often without any cooking facilities except wood or coal,—which, in Bohemian families, it is considered the woman's task to secure,—with only oil lamps in place of gas or electricity, the housewife who has to cook for and wait on four or five boarders in addition to her own family becomes a tragic figure.

“Twelve of our women have died in the past year,” said the Serbian priest in a Pennsylvania mining town, “killed by the work of running boarding-houses.”

Childbirth claims a heavy toll of victims every year from among these foreign mothers, many

of whom work up to the very hour of confinement and are at the washtubs again ten days afterward. Nor do many of them feel that the attendance of a physician at such times is necessary. In the countries of central and southern Europe it is much more usual to depend on the offices of the midwife than to summon a doctor, and the custom continues here. Very few foreign women are willing to go to a hospital for prenatal treatment or for care during confinement; indeed, the very word "hospital" seems to strike terror to their souls. An Italian woman who suffered from a skin disease and was supposed to go to the hospital clinic once a week for simple treatment, never appeared there without being accompanied by her husband, sister, brother-in-law, and her own three children, all of them sitting solemnly by while the doctor gave the treatment.

A splendid work is being done by the maternity centers, district and visiting nurses, and Better Baby clinics in teaching these foreign women how to care for themselves and their children. The excessively high—and increasing—mortality rate for mothers in the United States from conditions relative to childbirth makes all educational measures in this direction doubly important. When we learn that one mother out of every one hundred and twenty-five gives up her life when her baby is born, a higher percentage than in most of the countries of Europe from which many of

these mothers have come, we realize how grave is the need for adequate medical care to combat the dangers into which our way of living has brought us.

Babies are weaned on bananas, beer, tomatoes, and salt pork, according to the dietary leanings of the parents. The Roumanian woman goes to great trouble to bake bread in olive oil to feed to her three-year-old child, for thus is it baked, and even so is it fed to babies in "the old country." In a kindergarten class at a Christian center in a mid-western city it was found that every child began the day with coffee.

Sometimes a church can give the use of its parish hall for a Better Baby Show, or for weekly or monthly clinics with simple, helpful talks to the mothers and demonstrations of proper ways of bathing and dressing the baby. The Baby Show held recently at the Morning Star Mission in New York's Chinatown proved the most-talked-of event in the district for many months.

The Upward Trend

But while all of these conditions are true of some of the homes of our foreign-born Americans, it is noteworthy that as the Americanization process proceeds and the family's economic status improves, a gradual and decided change takes place. The family invests the savings which are

the reward of the previous discomforts they have submitted to, in a home. Pride of ownership brings a quickened desire for better furnishings, greater living comfort, "the things that other women have." The man, once he becomes a taxpayer, assumes an interest in civic and community affairs. The maintenance of clean streets, proper sewage and lighting systems, and municipal parks begin to concern him, since he helps to pay for all of these things by paying taxes. A Roumanian laborer who invested his savings in a lot in the Bronx went the next Sunday to visit the Metropolitan Museum of Art. "Now I have to pay taxes, I go see," he explained. The city's museums, parks, and public buildings had become his through the magical effect of land ownership. He was no longer an alien—he belonged.

In the small towns and rural districts the process is brought about more quickly, partly because the problems of initial poverty are never so hard in the country as in the city, and also because land is cheaper and the ownership of a home is more quickly achieved. In a street in the writer's own village where Italian and Bohemian families are ousting the Irish and "poor-white" Americans, the steps in the progress are plainly visible.

The ground about the American homes is uncultivated, packed to the hardness of cement, with no green thing in sight—though this is "the coun-

try.” In the back yard are piles of ashes and tin cans and a waste of briars and burdocks where a few fowls peck aimlessly. If any attempt at a garden is made, the crop is invariably potatoes.

The Italian home next door has a front yard that is nearly as barren, but every inch of ground at the back is planted as a vegetable garden in which each member of the family does his share of work. Here grow tomatoes, peppers, lettuce and escarole, celery, cabbage, and beans.

The American woman buys poor-grade vegetables from the huckster’s cart or canned goods from the grocery store; her Italian neighbor spends not one dollar for vegetables from June till November; the American family lives on the meat-potatoes-bread-and-sugar diet against which the nutrition specialists are waging bitter warfare; the Italian family has salad, fruit, and vegetables, and very little sugar or meat, all the year through. And the results are shown in the health examinations at the public school where the number of children suffering from malnutrition, adenoids, diseased tonsils, and decayed teeth count three Americans to one Italian.

A Long Island town with an entirely Bohemian population presents an example of wholesome community life which many an “all-American” neighborhood would do well to study. The settlement dates back some seventy years, and there are today in the village about five hundred per-

sons. Nearly every family owns its own home and these are neat, well cared for, set-in gardens and thrifty orchards. There is no constable in the town, no doctor, no drug store; no poverty.

Poverty No Respector of Race

The dirty, overcrowded, unwholesome home with the overworked mother and undernourished children is not typically "foreign" at all. It is the result of poverty and ignorance, and this without regard to nationality or race. Nor does any foreign colony in the city slums present more appalling living conditions than you will find among Americans of many generations in this country, who live in the isolated parts of the Appalachian country. These people, by reason of their isolation and ignorance, have descended in the scale from their original status, just as many of the foreign immigrants have risen.

Living in an isolated section of the country, untouched for several generations by alien blood or influence, these descendants of the pioneers have preserved certain hardy attributes which make them romantically interesting. In their speech, their songs, customs of life, are traces of the civilization of Elizabethan England. The bringing of education and touches of the outside world to these dwellers in Appalachia promises to awake here in our southern mountains a new

and vital life. The influence of the young men who were drafted for war service and made a momentous excursion into the world beyond the mountains—a world of which they had never heard—is sure to be felt. Sergeant Alvin Yorke is typical of hundreds of young mountaineers.

The Battle of Old and New

Every racial prejudice, every lingering trace of war hatred or bitterness, every social, religious, or political difference which divides mankind into sharply defined classes, holds back the progress of civilization and retains still longer the ancient superstitions of folk-lore and ignorance. It was a fear of loneliness, of being an outcast and a stranger in the land of Canaan, that made Rachel seek to carry away with her the old household gods of her father's home. These were dear, familiar, known things, linked with her childhood and wrapped in memories that were precious—never so dear as when she faced the prospect of making a new home in a strange land.

Just so does the Jewish and Italian and Slovene woman cling to her household gods, the ways of her home in the Old World. In many an Italian, Croatian, and Slovak home in America the home-making ideals of the Middle Ages are still accepted and loyally upheld. Italian and Jewish babies are wrapped in the same kind of swad-

dling bands as bound the limbs of the infant Jesus; herbs are gathered along the roadsides, and "tisanes" brewed of them to which many magic properties are ascribed. And the mistakes of the fathers are repeated over and over again.

A survey made of the City of Columbus, Ohio, showed the direct and amazing relationship which improper housing, ill health, and prevailing poverty have to crime. In the sections of the city where such conditions obtained, it was found that the percentage of crime was far in excess of that in sections of better-class homes. No one national group showed a marked criminal tendency, nor did the foreign homes appear to produce more criminals than American homes of similar condition. But the survey proved beyond doubt that all persons, irrespective of race, living in homes that are unclean, overcrowded, ill ventilated, persons who are undernourished, and whose early years lack proper social activities and relationships, are morally and spiritually weakened.

Already we have seen that by reason of economic conditions, ignorance, and Old World customs, many of our foreign-born citizens are subjected to these deteriorating influences. Are we to let the matter rest there? Does it not concern us as Americans, but even more as Christians, that our land shall be free from evil, that "her sons shall grow up as the young plants, and

her daughters as the polished corners of the temple"? That "they may fear thee all the days that they live in the land which thou gavest unto our fathers"? An Americanization program which is planned to teach Latin and Slavic housewives to use vacuum cleaners and electric toasters, to sing the "Star-Spangled Banner" and wear American shirtwaists and sport shoes, to go to the movies and read popular magazines is both futile and foolish. But a sincere effort on the part of all Christian people to build happier, safer, and better homes, to make the dwellers in America one people in spirit and truth, is an adventure in brotherhood which must have an especial call to all followers of Jesus.

Influence of the Churches

The churches are rising nobly to that challenge. In many cities, within the past five years, cities which have a large foreign population, the Home Missions departments have opened Christian centers and neighborhood houses which minister to the physical and spiritual needs of the people of those communities. Perhaps it is just a simple frame house, one in a long row of "foreign" tenements, not far from the factory or mill where many of the people work. But neatly painted, shining-windowed, with a trim dooryard that contrasts startlingly with the yards on either

side, it presents an ideal of homemaking that is new to many who pass that way.

Here live one or two workers—call them missionaries, what you will—whose object is to be neighbors to the community, to give the foreign women, whose home ties keep them from learning English and taking part in our national life as quickly as their husbands, an understanding of what America means, and to fulfil the promise of Christian democracy which we have held out to the world.

Perhaps it is through a kindergarten class for the youngsters, a day nursery where mothers who work in the mills can leave their babies in safe hands, through a children's clinic and the daily work of a district nurse, through cooking and sewing and gymnasium and manual training classes for the children of school age, that the approach is made.

"I want you should come show my mother how to can tomatoes," said small Ermida, after watching the cooking class have a lesson in canning vegetables by the sterilizing process.

"But your mother knows how to can tomatoes," Miss R— reminded her. "All Italian women do."

"I don't want her to can tomatoes Italian way. I want she should can them like the Irish women does."

For many of the children are impatient of the Old World ways of doing things, even ashamed

of them, and of their mothers who cling to them. The younger generation is vigorously American, though very often with queer distorted ideals of what this means. They are pathetically urgent that their mothers shall discard the European peasant's kerchief worn over the head, for a hat; that they shall wear "regular street clothes" when they go out, not the informal house-dress and enveloping shawl; that they shall carry their money in a purse instead of the capacious petticoat pocket. In other words, that they shall become more like the mothers of American boys and girls. All external changes it is true, but evidence none the less of a desire for a closer union which shall do away with race discriminations.

Most powerful of all in the process of changing aliens into citizens are neighborly visits in the homes.

Many, many of these women are homesick and lonely, particularly those who live in small towns where there is no "foreign" colony. A worker tells of an Armenian woman, the only one of her race in the town, who grew so lonely during the long hours that her husband was away at his work, that she used to go out to a cage of pigeons they kept in the yard and talk to them. Many, too, are eager to know about ways of American living, and the visitor is besieged with questions of every sort on politics, religion, cooking, sew-

ing, and child training. Here is an opportunity for Christian service in which nearly every woman can engage. She need not be a trained social worker; indeed, it is better when she is not, for what is needed is just the simple neighborliness which is within everyone's power to give.

“For every American a foreign-born friend,” is the motto which many churches are adopting.

All the giving will not be on one side. We Americans of the old stock have much to learn, as well as to give; much need of broadened sympathies, understanding, and tolerance if we are to meet the problems of democracy in the spirit of Christ.

III

THE HANDS THAT TOIL

AMONG the many startling changes in opinion which the World War brought to pass in the minds of Americans and Europeans alike, none was so marked as that which took place in our attitude toward "labor." The farmer, the machinist, the carpenter, the electrician, the miner, the man with the hoe and the man with the hod became endowed with new importance, as diplomats and capitalists awoke to the knowledge that the repair of our war-battered civilization rested in their hands. Even in America, the land of democracy and the "haven of the poor working man," the World War period was the first time in our history when the interests of the common laborer received serious consideration.

An interesting development of the general change in the attitude of capital toward labor is shown by the number of firms which are trying out schemes of profit sharing and joint ownership. These are far more than ventures in philanthropy; they are honest efforts toward a ground of mutual understanding, cooperation and good-will, which bid fair to accomplish much, not only for the actual workers and capitalists involved, but for the whole world of labor.

The fundamental problem of capital and labor about which so much has been written and said, lies, as does every social problem, in the mental attitude of mankind toward it. Here in America where labor comprises men and women of every race and nationality, the race problem enters into the consideration of every demand presented by labor.

Labor and Capital

There have been always certain profound discrepancies between the way in which capitalists and many economists looked at "labor," and the way the worker saw himself. To the former, labor is a factor in production; an instrument conveniently provided to help the capitalist grind out products and profits; the human element is frankly subordinated to the economic. Capital may be vitally interested in the work of men's hands, but as a rule it has cared little or nothing for the personality behind those hands, or the life that the worker went to after the five o'clock whistle has sounded.

But if capital has thought of the workman as a laborer rather than as a father, husband, and citizen, the worker sees himself in quite a different guise. To him his home, his family, and his personal life outside the shop and factory are the vital things—the work which he does with

his hands is necessary and important only because it maintains him in these.

The production manager of a mill is keenly interested in turning out the maximum amount of material per workman, in order that his company may outdistance competitors and advance the selling value of its shares in the stock-market. The workman cares not at all for stocks or shares, but he is eager that his weekly wage shall be commensurate with his personal ambitions and desires. More than this; taught by democracy, he is beginning to see that there is but one way of achieving his goal—by insisting that he have a voice in determining the economic, political, and social conditions under which he and the capitalist live.

“It is this fundamental conflict in point of view,” says a noted student of political economy, “which has made it so difficult for the employer and the worker to reach a common ground of agreement. One has thought in terms of business; the other in terms of human nature.”

To anyone who thinks of labor as a commodity, a factor in production, an economic complement to land, capital, and executive management, the increase in wages and power which labor agitation during the past ten years has won for the workman must be alarming in the extreme. “What is the world coming to,” these alarmists ask, and shake their heads in gloomy foreboding,

“when a lot of ignorant and foreign laborers can dictate terms to landowners and shareholders? The whole world is in the grip of labor, and what does labor know about managing it?”

Labor a Governing Force

The world *is* in the grip of labor just as it has always been, if by that we mean that all civilization depends on man's readiness and ability to work; and in America, at least, it is in the grip of foreign labor. The foreign-born workman and his sons and daughters are carrying the burden of America's economic progress today. They make the clothes we wear, our shoes, hats, gloves; they prepare the meats we eat; they can our tinned foods; they build our railroads, aqueducts, bridges, and skyscrapers. They quarry our stone, mine our coal, refine our oil. They till our fields and harvest our grain. They are paying their way in every industry, trade, and profession.

It has already been pointed out in a previous chapter that the demands of labor have been, since the beginning of history, one of the primal causes of the migration of peoples. In our country the opening of the Middle West with the development of agriculture on a large scale, giving work to thousands of men, the building of railroads to bring Western wealth to the thickly

populated Eastern seaboard and for shipment abroad, factory expansion and the growth of mining this made necessary, were most powerful lures to millions in the countries of Europe. The Old World looked to America, not only as a place of freedom and political justice, but as a place where work was plentiful and the workman was well paid. Immigration has been largely the response to America's urgent demand for labor.

During the fifteen years between 1899 and the outbreak of the World War, these immigrant workmen increased our population by about ten millions. They entered every trade, every factory, mill, and shop. The unskilled among them became "pick-and-shovel gangs," and laid railroads, streets, the foundations of buildings. Others went on farms and into the mines.

Racial preferences have directed many of these choices, and racial prejudices served to segregate the groups of workers. The Italian laborer will refuse to work in the same construction gang with an Austrian. Polish workmen, born of an oppressed people, every one of whom is reared to an ardent patriotism and a violent hatred of the Jew and the Lithuanian, get the name of being unduly quarrelsome "knife carriers," when put to work in the same shops with the men of these races. No pledge of high wages can make the Turk and the Armenian work at the same bench, for between these races stand century-old hatreds

and grudges not easily set aside even in the New World. These men may learn English, take out citizenship papers, vote, acquire title to lands, but their racial and national characteristics still persist, and will continue to do so until the caste system of America which draws a sharp line between the old stock and the new is obliterated.

Discrimination against Foreign Workmen

Does the word "caste" surprise you when used in connection with American life? True, it is contrary to all that we fondly believe to be typically American in our ideals. It is more foreign to our Constitution than the individuals against whom it operates; and an organization of society based solely on birth, which is what a caste system is, has no legal or moral place in a self-determined democracy.

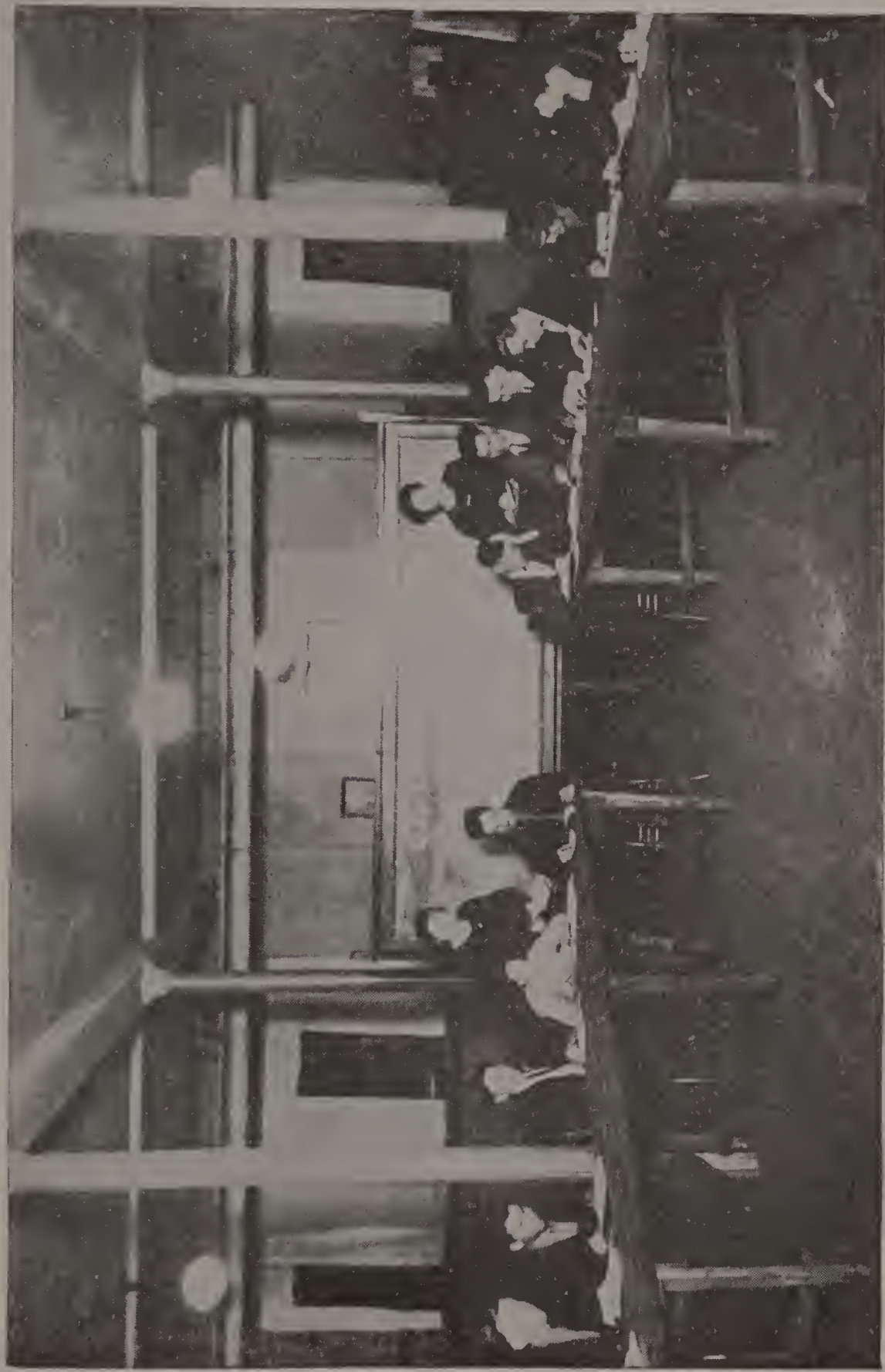
The Bulgarian steel-worker who has lived the required length of time in this country, who can read, write his name, and answer a half dozen set questions on the subject of the Constitution of the United States, and who applies for and receives his naturalization papers, is in the eyes of the law as fully an American as Henry Cabot Lodge. But not in the eyes of society. The law grants to him every privilege and protection due an American citizen, and it demands of him every service of citizenship in return. He must pay

taxes, he must educate his children, he must bear arms for the nation in her hour of need, precisely as it demands these things of the great-grandsons of the minute men of Concord.

But society recognizes no law. To his fellow citizens who are American born for two or three generations, the newly naturalized American remains an alien; his children, though born in this country, are in some indefinable way not quite the equals of the sons and daughters of the old stock.

This attitude of superiority is especially strong among Americans of Anglo-Saxon and northern European origin, and is directed most frequently against the American of southern European extraction. A young woman whose father was of German parentage, though born in this country, and whose mother was Irish, married the son of an Italian barber. Her parents opposed the match in every way on the ground of the young man's nationality, and although he is today a clerk in the Federal Customs, he is still spoken of slightly by his wife's relations as "Kate's 'guinea' husband."

It is this caste system, this attitude of superiority on the part of the old stock, quite as much as the foreigner's persistence in his Old World allegiances, ways of thought, and living, that hold back the Americanization process. *The foreign-born American will remain an alien in fact just*



YOUNG PEOPLE OF MANY NATIONS ARE HELPED TO A BETTER UNDERSTANDING OF AMERICA THROUGH
CLASSES SUCH AS THIS IN A FRIENDLY CHURCH



A LIBRARY AS AN EDUCATIONAL CENTER IN A COMMUNITY COMPOSED OF HOMES OF
MANY FOREIGN-SPEAKING CITIZENS

as long as he remains one in the thought of other Americans.

Laws and ordinances have no power over men's hearts and minds—only God has that. The American caste system can be destroyed only by the spirit of Jesus living in men's bodies and speaking in their words and lives.

Segregation of Workers

As society discriminates between American and alien, and even between races of aliens, so does the labor market. A factory which employs Italians posts the notice, "No Greeks need apply." This tends to segregate the races still further and makes their Old World allegiances more persistent.

You will find many of the Finns who have come to this country at work in the iron ore and copper mines and in the smelters—for these are industries long familiar to them in the Old World. The meat-packing plants give employment to large numbers of Croats, Bulgarians, and Lithuanians; and the last named labor also in the oil-fields and refineries. Magyars and Roumanians work in the big steel mills and farm-implement factories; the miners and railroad construction gangs of the Southwest are Mexican almost to a man; thousands of Japanese and Chinese farmers along the Pacific coast have gone in for truck gardening,

practising the same intensive agriculture that they knew in the Orient; in the marble and granite quarries Italian stone masons who served their apprenticeship in the quarries at Carrara and Spezia labor at the trade in which they have been supreme for ages.

The clothing trade is in the hands of the Russian Jews, and no other industry is so completely "foreign" as this with seventy-two per cent of its workers "foreign born," and twenty-three per cent the children of foreign-born parents.

The outstanding reason for this foreign ownership of the clothing industry is that in this trade alone the foreign-born workman is a skilled artisan. He has learned tailoring in the sweatshops of foreign cities, and he comes to America prepared to do the same kind of labor, and under very similar conditions, in a trade which Americans of older stock despise.

Yet the clothing trade is today one of the country's richest and most powerful industries, as is shown by the fact that when the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America in 1922 opened a Trust and Savings Bank in Chicago—one of the first "labor banks" in the country—the deposits during the first nine months amounted to almost one million and a half dollars! Not only that, but of the four labor banks now being organized in New York City, two are owned by branches of the garment industry.

The coal strike of 1922 which threatened to cripple American industry and succeeded in making itself felt in every home by discomforts and increased living costs, was in the main a strike of "foreign" workers.

The early development of hard coal mining in this country was in the hands of English, Scotch, Welsh, and German miners, who had served their apprenticeship in the Old World. Then came the swift expansion of the industry which unskilled Russian, Lithuanian, Italian, and Slovak laborers were imported to meet. They were willing to work at lower wages than the experienced miners demanded, and under conditions of danger which only the skilled workman understood and appreciated as a grave menace.

The old workers tried to stem the tide of immigrant labor by getting through legislation which discriminated against the newcomers. A law was passed which made two years' apprenticeship necessary before a man, no matter what his previous experience in mining, could get a chamber. But it was a mistaken way and only served to defeat the purpose it was intended to achieve, since it discouraged the coming of new, experienced miners from northern Europe, who were not willing to submit to the long term of apprenticeship. The Russians, Slavs, and Italians, on the other hand, proved quite willing to serve the required two years, even at wages con-

siderably less than were paid to an American workman for the same task. And what was the result?

Within a single generation the whole character of the anthracite region has changed. Gone are the Welsh, Scotch, and German villages, and in their places are communities of Russians, Lithuanians, Italians, Slovaks, and Magyars. Saint Patrick's Day and Orangeman's Day, which used to be the great holidays, celebrated with parades, picnics, and frequent fights, now pass unnoticed. In their stead the numerous religious festivals of the Eastern Orthodox Church, to which many of these new workers belong, are kept with appropriate observances.

The newly arrived foreigner is still the man of all work to whom fall the dirtiest, hardest, and most disagreeable jobs. He works in the foul-smelling cellars of the meat-packing plants, in the soap factories, fertilizer plants, and chemical works, where "white" men and foreign-born workmen who have lived longer in this country are not willing to labor. He forms the construction gangs that move from place to place building bridges and railroads; he cuts and saws logs in the lumber camps and hires himself out for the harvesting.

Where are the earlier settlers? You will find their descendants in the professions and the white-collar jobs. Their daughters are teachers,

librarians, settlement workers, nurses; their sons are doctors, lawyers, and engineers, the salesmen and clerks of our business houses, employees of banks. And the foreign workman who has watched this American evolution from overalls to silk shirts comes, not unnaturally, to believe that this is what it means to be an American, and that his success as an American is measured by the rapidity with which he can lift his family out of the overall into the white-collar class. Moreover, he is doing this.

Migrant Laborers

It is the recently arrived foreigners who make up the vast numbers of migrant workers, and many arresting facts about these migrant workers have been brought to light by recent surveys. Hundreds of thousands of men are employed in logging camps from Maine to Washington and as construction gangs on railroads everywhere, many of them of foreign birth. Only a few of these are married—fully ninety per cent being homeless wanderers, moving with the ebb and flow of the labor market, with no other home than the bunk house where they are lodged “on the job.”

These houses are hastily constructed of wood, sometimes of old freight cars. One end becomes the kitchen, and the rest is used as sleeping quar-

ters, living-room, recreation hall, everything. The bunks, double-deckers most of them, line the walls, and between the two rows runs the dining-table where the men eat.

Some twenty or thirty men occupy one of these bunk houses, which is run usually by a boarding boss and his wife. The boss guarantees to supply the contractor with a certain number of men, and his wife cooks and washes for them. The sanitary conditions in many of these camps are beyond words. There is no provision for bathing, the overworked woman cannot keep the house clean, there are few windows, and usually these are shut tightly at night. Sometimes the company provides more sanitary quarters, and insists upon certain health regulations being carried out, but usually, if the laborers are "foreign," the dirtiness is accepted as a natural accompaniment of the "Hunky" and "Dago."

But if health conditions are bad, the moral and psychological effects of such living are a hundred times worse. Card playing, "home brewing," and frequent fights constitute the only available recreation. There are no books or papers for those who can read, little or no means of the foreigner's learning English, except sufficient to enable him to curse, and only very seldom any church privileges. It is small wonder that radicalism and bitter agnosticism are widespread among these camp workers.

The churches and national organizations like the Y.M.C.A. are here and there venturing into this field of service. They are sending chaplains into the camps, building recreation halls, opening reading-rooms, endeavoring in a dozen ways to make the life of the migrant worker more normal and wholesome. This is attacking Bolshevism at its source. Shall we forget what dire evils Kipling's British sergeant pointed out to the young recruit as coming:

All along o' dirtiness,
All along o' mess,
All along o' doing things
Rather more or less.

What do the foreign laborers in these camps know of America? They belong to no community, are part of no particular industry, have no home ties. Their contact with the life of the nation consists in a knowledge of cheap lodging houses, employment agencies, pawn shops, second-hand stores, the brake-beams of the freight cars as they travel as hoboes from job to job, and industrial camps where the minimum of decency and cleanliness is maintained. They have no position in the community, no sense of responsibility, no hope or plans for the future. Then, too, the work that they do brings them in touch with Americans of the lowest order. The "American" ways they imitate are the ways of the lowest intelligences

and the morally depraved. These migrant workers are recruited from nearly every nationality—except the Jew—and have long been one of the labor problems of the country.

The New Negro Migration

Within the past two years, thousands of Negroes have left the cotton fields and sugar and rice plantations to seek work in Northern factories. The Department of Agriculture reports that no less than thirteen per cent of Georgia's Negro farm labor moved North during 1922. From South Carolina and Alabama and Arkansas about three per cent have migrated. If these Negroes stay in the North, especially if they work regularly in industry, the country will gain thereby, for under these conditions the earning power of the Negroes must be larger and their production greater than under the more intermittent labor methods of the Southern agricultural states.

From Dr. Emmet J. Scott, Secretary of Howard University, a Negro institution at Washington, comes the reminder that while some of our employers are clamoring for more lenient immigration laws, permitting an increase of workers from Europe, there are today twelve million Negroes, eight millions of them living in the South, where the labor market is flooded. "It

seems unnecessary," says Dr. Scott, "to look to foreign shores to supply any labor shortage that may exist in American industries when there is this large and sympathetic group within reach."

The present exodus from the South has come partly in response to the opening to the Negro during the War of many industries which hitherto had been closed to him. For many years certain occupations, such as elevator and house boy, janitor, sleeping-car porter, and waiter, have been reserved to the Negro in the North. If, under the new conditions, he takes his place in the factory and mill and holds it on terms of equality with the white laborer, our "Negro problem" will be many steps nearer a solution. The dissemination of the Negroes over a wider area will ease the burden for black man and white. If there are comparatively few Negroes in a community, the community can afford to give them more facilities than when there are many. And where there are few, race questions are not so serious as where there are large Negro settlements.

A sudden exodus from the Southern fields to Northern factories would doubtless cause hardship to agriculture in the South and also to the migrating Negroes. But if the process is gradual, it ought to be beneficial to all concerned.

Cannery Workers

Another large and professionally migrant group, if one may use the term, is made up of the thousands of men and women who harvest and can the fruit crops. These groups are especially numerous in California, Colorado, along the Gulf of Mexico, in Western New York State, and in Maryland, Delaware, and New Jersey. While logger and construction-gang men are almost universally unmarried, these cannery workers and fruit pickers are usually family men. The husband and wife work side by side in field or factory, and the children play about, often among the refuse on the cannery floor.

The families sleep and eat in bunk houses, or rough shacks, if the fruit grower is sufficiently well-to-do or progressive to supply these. On the smaller farms they often sleep in the barns, two or three families in the same loft. A family of Italians arriving for work in one of the small orchards in Delaware was quartered in the hen-house, from which the fowls were unceremoniously evicted.

These are the conditions as they obtain in the East. In California, where the fruit growing and canning is often managed on a cooperative basis, the living conditions of the workers are infinitely better. The families live in a village in the center of the district, and every phase of

community life is encouraged. There is a school, a church, a playground for the children, and a day nursery for the babies. Motor trucks carry the workers from the village to the ranch where the work is to be done that day, and bring them home at night.

A promising work under the Council of Women for Home Missions has been begun among the fruit pickers and cannery workers in Delaware, New Jersey, and Maryland. Most of these workers are foreigners—Poles and Italians comprising the largest groups. They winter in the slums of some of the cities and start out in the spring for the berry picking, armed with all their household goods—bedding and a few pots and pans. Following the crops, they progress from the strawberry picking to the apple harvest, and then in October many of them move down to the shores of the Chesapeake, where they gather and can oysters. Then, with the spring, back they come again. They are the “raggle-taggle gypsies” of modern America.

To counteract the harmful effects of this sort of living, without a settled home and with no community ties, the Council of Women are establishing workers in many localities to organize proper recreation for the women and young people, and to watch over the children while their mothers are at work. Many of the employers have shown great interest and have cooperated

heartily, though a few loudly disapprove of "this new-fangled, social-service stuff" until it is demonstrated that helping the workers to better living conditions does not hinder the effectiveness of their hands.

It is to the children that the first services must go. Many of them are undernourished, anemic, and apathetic. They need proper, nourishing food, for often the mother is too weary from her work in the field or cannery to prepare adequate meals for herself and her family. Saddest of all, they need to be taught to play.

The worker must needs be nurse, teacher, playmate, professional story-teller as well as adviser-in-chief on every subject from how to cut out a blouse to problems of etiquette. For the women, once their first shyness passes off, come to her for help on all these matters, sublimely confident that she can advise them. Very few of these women speak English, yet they appreciate with a gratitude that lies beyond words, the efforts on behalf of their little ones. Often, too, they are pathetically eager to pay in money for the benefits of the kindergarten or children's clinic. One group of women workers, moving out of the district when the crops had been gathered, proudly presented the "Teacher" with a five-dollar bill to be used in her work. What that five dollars meant to them in saving and self-denial can never be estimated. It was the widow's mite

cast into the Treasury, and with a value beyond the intrinsic worth of golden coin.

But the service which the churches are rendering to these migrant workers is not "social" only. It is distinctly religious, and finds its fullest expression in the quiet moments of prayer, in the singing and Bible stories and simple devotional services, in the intimate personal talks with mothers and with the children. It is in this a ministry of the spirit as well as of the hands, proclaiming a brotherhood of man which has its foundation in the Fatherhood of God.

Among Agricultural Workers

If we have, so far, seemed to consider the foreign laborer to the exclusion of those men and women of other races who are entering every profession and department of American business, it is only because manual and factory labor have always and still do offer a wider door to the worker of foreign birth. The steady demand for farm labor has carried groups of foreigners and separate individuals as well into nearly every rural county.

Several years ago it was my privilege to visit a great Texas ranch which boasted no less than four separate and distinct communities. There was the Great House, where the ranch owner's family lived, the home of the superintendent, and

a boarding-house for the six or eight young Texas rangers. This was the only "American" settlement within a radius of ten miles. Within sight and call, however, shaded by a grove of feathery pepper trees that overhung the irrigation ditch, were a dozen or more adobe huts that housed the Mexicans who worked in the house, vegetable garden, and stables. This was village number two.

To the east of the Great House the prairie beyond the home grounds had been irrigated, and produced each year an enormous crop of rice which was tended and harvested by a colony of Japanese who lived in a settlement of their own near the storehouses. This made the third village. But the land to the west of the ranch-house was left for pasture, and great herds of cattle and thousands of goats and sheep grazed here under the care of Russian herdsmen, whose cottages formed the fourth village of this "League of Nations." It was a Japanese who managed the company store where all nationalities bought their supplies; a Russian was the ranch-baker; and the teamsters who did "hauling" for all the villages were Mexican.

So large were these groups that the ranch maintained its own school where Japanese, Mexican, Russian, and American youngsters met on terms of equality. And, in the schoolhouse, each Sunday, the superintendent's wife held an "Inter-

national Bible class"—a simple study of the Christian life, which had its message for Russian and Japanese, Mexican and American, bringing to them a fuller knowledge of Him who "has made of one blood all nations of men."

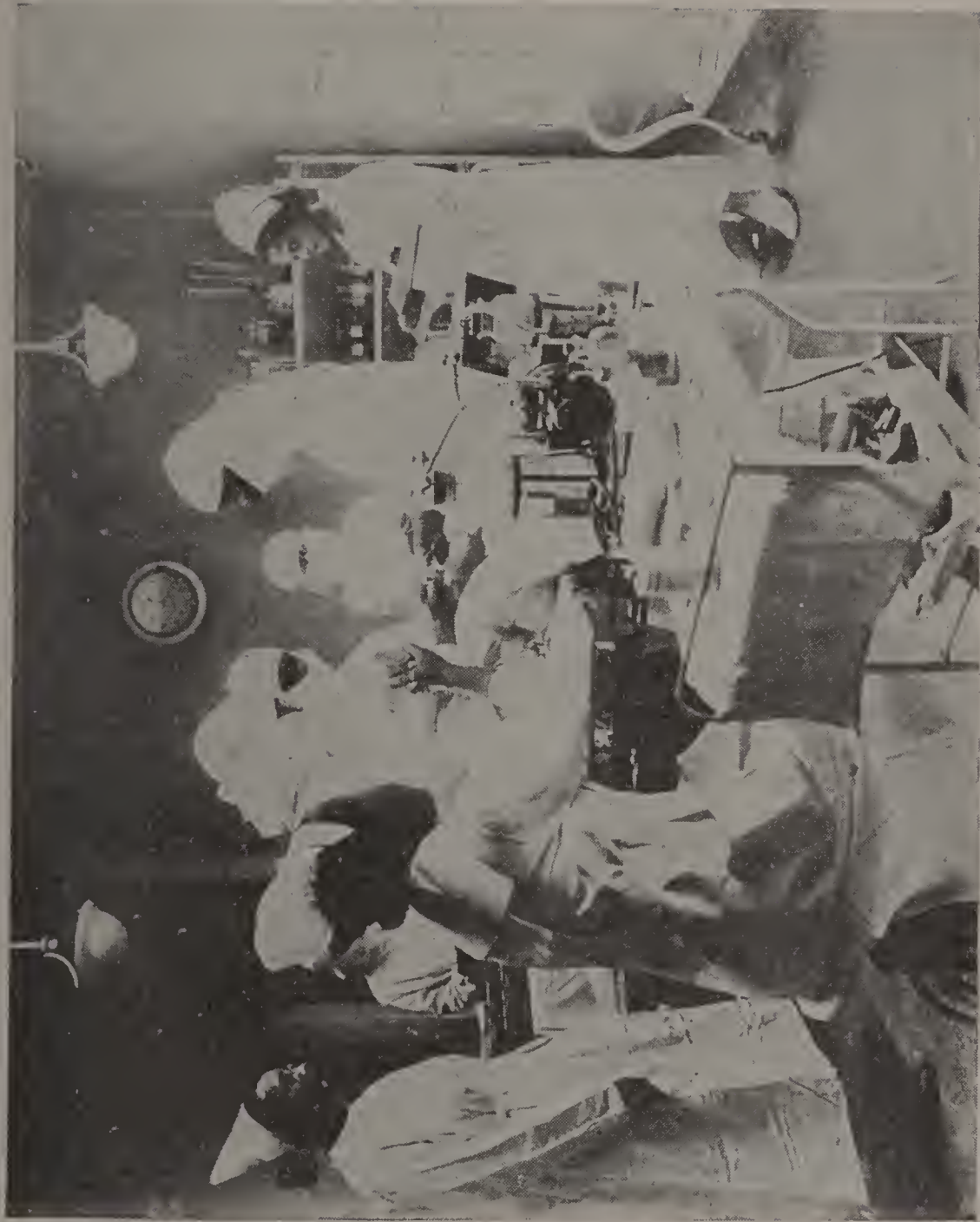
It is not only on the big ranches and farms that the foreign farmer has found a place. The tobacco fields along the Connecticut River Valley are cultivated largely by Polish farmers. Italians have bought and are working on shares many small farms and truck gardens in New Jersey and New York State. The extraordinary development of parts of California by Japanese truck gardeners has occasioned nation-wide comment. Not a race which has received a welcome in the New World but is paying its debt to the land.

In this connection the activities of the Jewish Agricultural Society have a profound significance. For so many generations the Jew has been a merchant, tradesman, and a city dweller that we have almost forgotten his origin in the rich garden lands near Ur of the Chaldees. The Psalms are the poetry of a pastoral and agricultural people, and the great books of the Old Testament are filled with an imagery which would suggest itself only to those who had seen the valleys "stand so thick with corn that they could laugh and sing." There is nowhere any suggestion of the sweat-shop, the push-cart, or the fetid city tenement. The old European laws which kept

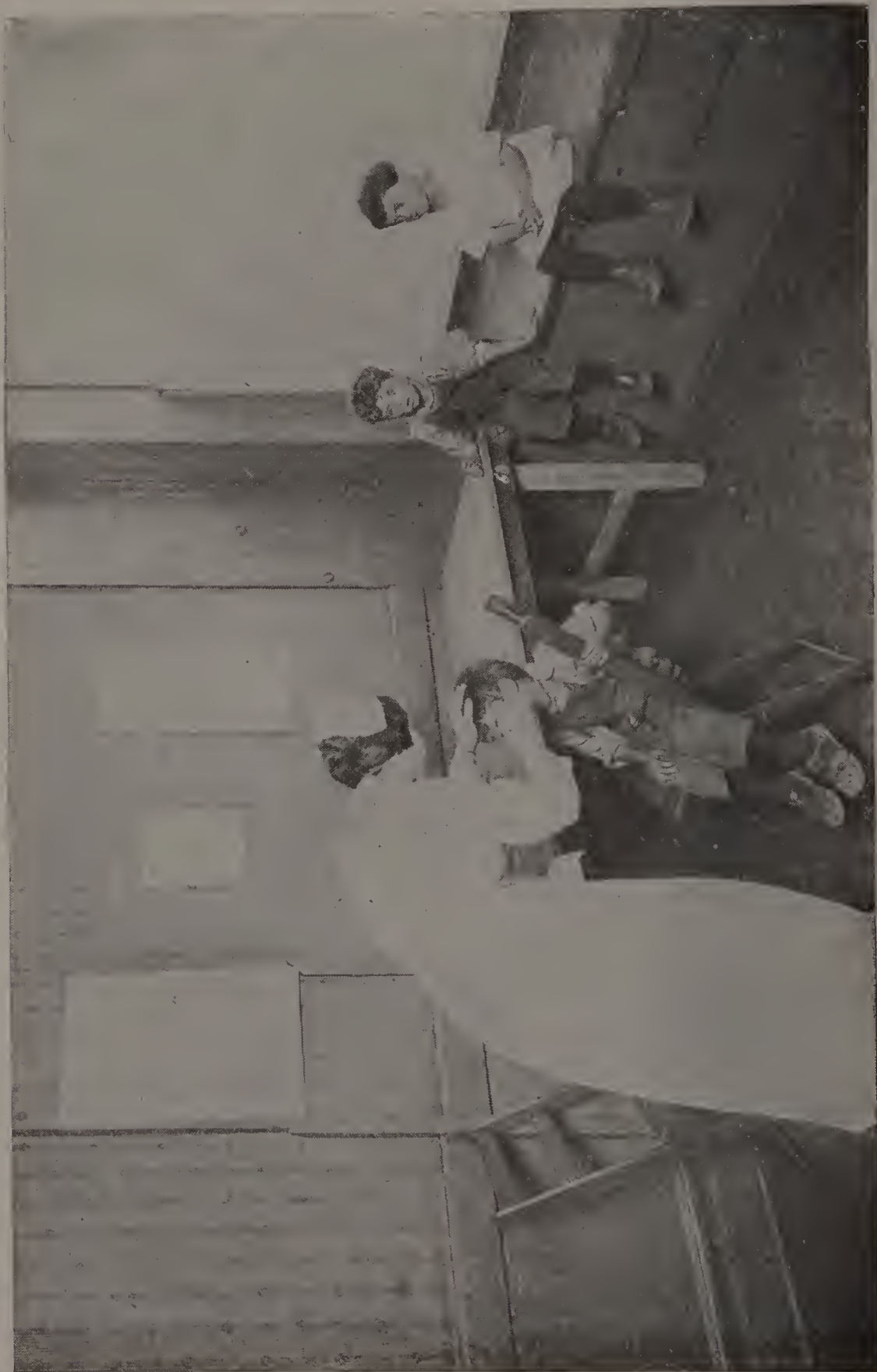
a Jew from holding land robbed many of these people of their birthright as tillers of the soil, and turned them into city dwellers. Now, the Jewish Agricultural Society in this country is carrying on a "back-to-the-land" movement among Jews which, in the twenty years of its history, has produced surprising results. When the society was founded in 1900 there were only 216 Jewish farm families in the country. Today our Jewish farm population is more than 75,000. Every state has its quota of Jewish farmers, and an agricultural paper is being printed in Yiddish.

It is estimated that there are at present something more than three million Jews in the United States. The fact that most of them have congregated in the great cities—nearly one half of their number living in New York City alone—has tended to reproduce in America some of the most deplorable features of the cities of the Old World. New York has its Ghetto no less than Moscow and Madrid. The movement carried on by the Jewish Agricultural Society to get the Jew out of the city and into rural life is a praiseworthy step toward wholesome distribution, and should do much to remove the stigma under which the Jewish race chiefly suffers—that of being exclusively city dwellers and a trading people.

To anyone whose understanding of economics does not go beyond that of the housewife who said that price-fixing for the farmer had no in-



THE OPERATING ROOM IN A HOSPITAL ENTIRELY STAFFED BY NEGRO DOCTORS
AND NURSES



A CLINIC IN AN ITALIAN CHURCH

terest or concern for her since she always bought her food at the grocery store, it may seem a matter of little moment who works our fields and harvests our grain. Thoughtful persons know that the security of the world rests with the farmer, and it matters very greatly what the farmer thinks and how he is paid for his labor. As long as the agriculture of America was in the hands of Americans of the old stock, the sons of the pioneers who had cleared the wilderness and staked out their claims, these landowners formed an agricultural aristocracy. But with the advent of foreigners into farm life new conditions have arisen. Americans of pioneer ancestry look down their noses at the newcomer from Denmark, Esthonia, or Sweden, and will discriminate against him every time in rural county politics. How much this prejudice is responsible for such organizations as the Non-Partisan League and the Farmer Labor Party, it is difficult to say, but it is noticeable that both organizations are most powerful in those sections of the country where the rural population has a strong admixture of the "foreign" element.

Persistence of Racial Habits

Not every race is adapted to the rural life of America. The Syrians, Armenians, and Greeks seldom become farmers. They are happiest

and most successful in small business, as peddlers, sidewalk merchants, and push-cart venders. When one of them achieves a shop of his own, he reaches a position of importance in the community.

One reason is that these people from the Levant have not the physical hardihood which farm life and heavy work in the manufactories require. They have been undernourished for generations. The saying that "a Greek can live on the smell of an oiled rag" has a pitiful significance when one realizes how many of them very nearly have to.

Colonies of these people from the Near East are in most of the New England mill towns as well as in all the large cities. Brooklyn has a large group of Syrians, many of whom are prosperous merchants and fit out the peddlers who go about the country from house to house offering laces, underwear, and household linens for sale.

Rewards of Labor

Most of the men of foreign birth who have become prominent in American business began their careers as laborers.

A young Russian came to this country some ten years ago and found a job at six dollars a week in a shoe factory in a Massachusetts city.

For a year he worked there, along with several hundred of his countrymen, while he obtained a knowledge of English, and came to a shrewd decision in regard to his own future. If he stayed on at the factory, he might hope in time to earn twenty-eight or thirty dollars a week, and while this might have seemed a princely fortune in the days before he came to America, viewed in the light of American economics it was a "living wage" and little more. The young man determined that there was but one way of escape from the drudgery to which his companions were enslaved—he must go into business for himself. But what business? He had no specialized training and very little education. His scanty knowledge of English seemed an almost insurmountable barrier which closed to him nearly all the avenues open to the native-born American.

It was clear that he must choose a business in which he would not have to compete with Americans for the American market. In other words, he must supply some existing need of his own people.

Because there was at the time only one Russian bakeshop in the city to supply the fairly large colony of Russians, Lithuanians, and Poles who worked in the shoe factory, this enterprising young man decided to become a baker. He left the factory, where he was now earning twelve dollars a week, and went to work for the Russian

baker, learning the trade systematically. Two years later he was in a position to open a bakery of his own, borrowing money from the City Trust Company to finance his venture, with his old foreman at the shoe factory to endorse his notes. Today, he is one of the substantial business men of Lowell, honored by his Yankee fellow citizens and customers no less than by his old friends. There are many such enterprising young men among the vast numbers of our foreign population, men with genuine business or professional ability, who need only the opportunity for its development. They have much to give—much that America needs, but because they must compete under a severe handicap with the native-born, the opportunities are very much narrowed for them.

A report of the Bar Association of New York for 1921 points out that of a total of 10,563 male lawyers in New York City, more than fifty per cent are either of foreign birth or of foreign extraction. Fifteen per cent are foreign born.

Amazing, is it not? And especially so to those who bolster up their sense of personal superiority by thinking of everyone so unfortunate as to have been born under another flag as an inferior. Yet it has its tragic side; for, as the report goes on to say: “Many of these men come to the Bar with little or no appreciation of those ideals and traditions which have in the past dominated our

Anglo-American legal system. The result is that the Bar is carrying an almost insupportable burden of a large membership unfitted by education or experience to bear its responsibilities, and without the inclination, which comes naturally from familiarity with our institutions, to maintain its traditions."

How are we to overcome this great and grave obstacle? How can we give these new Americans a spiritual understanding of America?

The Meaning of Citizenship

From the League of Foreign Voters come suggestions for making the granting of citizenship papers an impressive and symbolic ceremony. Too often the scene is in a dark, depressing courtroom, where three or four hundred men and women are crowded into space that can scarcely seat one third their number. The Judge, unable to cope with the Herculean task, drones out the name of the would-be citizen, asks an occasional, perfunctory question, and the alien has become a citizen. Many men put off "getting their papers" because of the time and effort involved, particularly in the rural districts where sometimes a twenty-five-mile drive cross-country must be taken to the county seat.

There should be more judges assigned to the naturalization courts, and more days set aside

for naturalization. The actual citizenship certificates should be ready so that the new citizen can take home with him the diploma which signifies his graduation from Old World allegiance and is the symbol of his fealty to the land of his adoption.

In some parts of the country Independence Day is being dedicated to our new citizens, and pageants showing the history and significance of American institutions, an address explaining the meaning of American citizenship and the obligations it entails, perhaps a dinner for the new naturalized citizens, mark the day. Special services in our churches, the opening of parish halls and club rooms to these new Americans, giving them a place where they can meet and mingle with Americans of older stock, are some of the simple ways in which the churches can hold out the hand of fellowship.

Unemployment

Hard times, periods of business depression and strikes, add heavily to the foreign workman's burden. Very often he has no understanding of the reasons behind the labor troubles, and is paid off practically without warning. It is natural, too, that the workman whose knowledge of English is limited should be discharged before men

who are citizens, or Americans by birth. Bosses of shops and departments in big factories are seldom impartial, and race presents an easy ground for discrimination. Out of work, the foreign laborer who has no standard trade does not find many openings for a new start. He falls a prey to dishonest labor speculators, or he wanders about pathetically, from factory to factory, on the chance of finding a job.

Sometimes a church or a community organization can act as an employment bureau and help the worker to find the work in which he is best suited, and this without the extortionate charges which are often asked for this service from commercial bureaus. Or, it can help to save him from political entanglements—in one town the party boss was willing to recommend men for work on the railroad gangs in return for two dollars and the promise to “vote his way” at the next election.

Aiding the right man to find the right job is a practical way of helping many a worker along a difficult road, a way, too, of combating the Bolshevist tendencies which are born of despondency and a sense of injustice. For all the radicalism in America is not imported; much of it is made in America, and grows out of mistaken ideas about our government and what it can and is pledged to do for the individual.

Discontent Often the Result of Ignorance

Ole Svenson is a dairy farmer who has been in this country long enough to have saved out of his earnings thirteen hundred dollars which he invests in a bank run by one of his own countrymen. He does not know that it is unregulated, that the banker is without financial standing, and when the bank closes its doors, Ole believes quite naturally that the United States Government will get redress for him. When he finds that there is no redress, that his money is gone without hope of its return, instead of blaming his own ignorance, he accuses the government for allowing such wrongs to occur. Then, while still smarting under a sense of injustice, he meets a Red organizer, and another "foreign" radical is added to the list.

Classes in English, vocational training, public forums, and debating clubs help the foreigner to a knowledge of America, but more than these he needs an acquaintance with Americans, needs to feel that he is one of a great united people, not an outsider, or an alien. Man learns more from contact with his fellows than he does from books. From those he meets on the street and in his work, from their attitude toward him and toward America, the new American is learning.

"We who are Americans by our free choice (pardon the boast)," writes a lawyer of Pitts-

burgh, Pennsylvania, who is of Czecho-Slovakian origin, "deplore sincerely the faults of our compatriots, and are most anxious to see them remedied; we are heartily in favor of any practical movement on the part of American-born citizens to help these people to become true Americans in the full meaning of the word. But we say that you will never succeed by using the same methods as drove many of them to seek the shelter of free American institutions. Do not transplant Prussia or Hungary to the shores of liberal America. . . . Some of them are crude in their manners, illiterate, and ignorant of the fine points of our Constitution; but at heart they are loyal to their new country. Their greatest desire is to become like Americans whom they admire; their proudest boast is that they are citizens; and they almost worship their 'second papers,' if they have been able to get them. . . . They are living beings, and it is the essential principle of life to respond to favorable environment. All efforts at their Americanization should be founded upon this principle. Remove difficulties out of their way, create a favorable environment, and they will respond to it. . . . In other words, Americanize the Americans first, and there will be no trouble with the foreigners."

IV

THE ROAD TO LEARNING

“**O**VER the door *bei* my school,” said small Yetta Salamonsky, impressively, “with so big letters it says: KNOWLEDGE IS POWER. *Ja*, knowledge is power—and ain’t it the truth, Miss M—?”

It is not the Jew alone who sees knowledge as a gate which opens into the promised land. “My fader,” black-eyed Jimmy Scalzo tells Teacher in a burst of proud confidence, “my fader he work on de aqueduct, mixa de concrete, maka fi’, seex dollar day. My fader doan spik Englis’—too bad! Me, I spik Englis’—I go school—high school, too, maybe. Then my fader say I geta job, not like heem. Geta job in de office—time-keep, maybe. I be boss de oder fellers.”

Then, with the aspirations of this up-and-coming young American still uppermost in her thoughts, the Fourth Grade teacher is going home after school is over for the day. As she crosses the corner where a contractor and his men are laying a new gas main, she hears a voice calling: “Miss—oh, Miss Teacher!” The contractor comes running after her, cap in hand. “You Morrie Poppovitch’s teacher?”

Hastily the Fourth Grade teacher reviews the forty-six small Americans derived from every

race and nation of the Old World who are her special charge, recalls the narrow-chested ten-year-old who answers to the name of Morris Vladimir Poppovitch, and says, "Yes."

"I thought. I am Morrie's papa—Mister Poppovitch. I ask you how that Morrie does his examples?"

"Very well," the Fourth Grade teacher is glad to reply. Indeed the anemic Morrie is the bright particular star of the arithmetic class.

"That's good," and Mister Poppovitch beams with evident satisfaction. "For see, Miss Teacher, that Morrie has got to get his examples good. I been make Morrie a civil engineer. Me, I ain't got education. In Austria I have to work all time same as here—I never have chance to learn read, write, figure. If I had . . ." and into the dark eyes flared a bitter resentment at the injustice of his lot, "if I had an education, I'd be a millionaire today. There's lots of chances I could have to make money, big money, only I can't figure and write it down on paper like an engineer has got to. But Morrie can. Some day, with me to show him, that Morrie'll be a big man. That's why he has got to get his examples now. See?"

And Miss Teacher does see. Indeed, this is no new story, but one that is repeated many times over every year. To the great majority of our new Americans, education, represented by the

public school, is the open sesame to the land of "big money" and social advancement.

The Power of Public Schools

Every day there pass in and out of our elementary schools millions of boys and girls who are the Americans of tomorrow. With our colleges we are not now so greatly concerned since the present standard of American education is a fourth-grade standard—and less. Less than seven per cent of all the children enrolled in our schools finish the eighth grade, and of those who do persevere into the high schools, the percentage of graduates is pitifully smaller. American education is still a matter of the grades.

From every race, every stratum of society, every kind and type of home they come. Their intellectual heritages are as varied as their names and tastes. And for five hours out of every twenty-four they meet in the school on terms of absolute equality on common ground. Here, if you will, is the true test of our democracy.

"No democracy," to quote an educator known for his earnest pleading in the cause of the public school as the most fundamental element in American life,—“No democracy can be better than its educational system; for democracy, more than any other political program, is a program of education. . . . Our education as a people is that

of the secondary schools. In them, more than in any other American institution, more than in all other American institutions, are the issues of an enlightened national life; issues no longer national merely, for the War has made them vital to the life of the world. American democracy is now a world issue. . . . Yet what else but a common school can be the head of the corner of democracy? We must go to school; we must all go to school; we must all go together to school, with a common language, a common course of study, a common purpose, faith and enthusiasm for democracy. Americanization is not this new educational ideal. The world is not to be Americanized. A few millions of foreigners in America need to be Americanized; but all the millions of Americans in America need to be democratized. Nothing less than the democratization of America dare be our educational aim.”¹

The Mingling of Many Races

The democratization of America sounds like a very large order. Yet, when Nancy Constantino, Nathan Glick, Anna Christiansen, Barney Nolan, Jakey Pralotowski, Gustav Rham, and Mabel Jenkins take their places side by side in class for one week after another, and month after month;

¹ Quoted from “Patrons of Democracy,” by Dallas Lore Sharp. *Atlantic Monthly*, Nov., 1919.

when they discuss problems and topics that have an equal interest for all; as they learn together from the same book,—they are doing more to bring about the true democracy which is based on mutual understanding and respect and goodwill than all the committees and commissions and congresses in the world.

The names I have cited are typical of any grade in any school in any town in any state. Six of these young people come from homes in which a foreign language is the mother tongue. Their mental inclinations, influenced by early associations, environment, and race consciousness are poles apart. That which is accepted without controversy by stolid Anna is distrusted by Celtic Barney, and flouted vehemently by Jakey. The photograph of a famous painting showing Joan of Arc riding in triumph at the head of her troops is studied with shining-eyed reverence by Sicilian Nancy, and by Jakey, in whose veins runs the blood of the fiercest patriots in history. Only Nathan draws back. "Is it a Krist?" he demands suspiciously, pointing to a cross upheld by one of the minor figures in the crowd.

Their attitude toward history, geography, toward America and toward each other, is colored by their racial inheritances. Barney is ardently Sinn Fein, though he is prompt to "punch" the first of his mates who calls him Irish, or anything but an American. Anna "makes little of Irishers

and guineas who don't keep their houses clean." "That I should sit at the desk by a Jew!" storms Jakey. Gustav, whose childhood hero is the martyred Jan Hus, listens to Nancy's accounts of miraculous cures brought about by priest and bell, with unconcealed scorn.

In most of the disputes Teacher is called upon to render immediate and absolute decision.

"Teacher, is not Italy that fought for the allies a better country than Sweden that was only neutral?"

"Teacher, when my fader gets his second papers, will Mabel be more American than me then?"

"Was George Washington an Indian?"

Through all this Teacher is receiving a more liberal education than her college course could give, and Mabel, native-born American of native-born parents, whose grandfather fought at Gettysburg, and whose great-great-grandfather shouldered a musket in '76, is getting an understanding of democracy which all the history books in the world could not instil in her. Here, at home, during the most impressionable years of her life, she is enjoying the greatest advantages of foreign travel—the intercourse with those of other races and lands. Italy is no longer a bright green leg kicking into the Mediterranean, which is all the impression that her geography gives her. It is the place where Nancy was born, where

there are other girls like Nancy, and, most surprising of all, very like herself. For Mabel is infinitely the richer for having Nancy and Anna and Gustav and Jakey as comrades along the road to learning. They are teaching her to be a citizen of the world; and if she can give them a real insight into the life and spirit we call "American,"—as she will do, unconsciously,—the democratizing process is immeasurably advanced.

School the Only Touch with American Life

These children, coming from foreign homes, draw from their school experience the only knowledge of America possible to them except such as they pick up in the streets and in the cheap movies which they frequent. In the nine or ten years of their school life—for many of them leave school as soon as they can claim working papers—they must absorb not knowledge alone, not merely the three *R*'s, but an understanding of what America is, and the responsibilities of citizenship. They must learn that the land of liberty is not the land of license; that a republic has far more drastic claims upon its citizens than the most absolute czar can make upon his subjects; and that the future of America depends upon her individual citizens. Many of these children do not advance beyond the grades, it is true. Their progress is slower than that of American

children of the same age, for they are held back by difficulties of language, often by want of help or encouragement at home. To many of them reading is too difficult to enable them to gain the information they need from the books that are given them, so they seldom read outside of the school. The majority of foreign homes have no books in them. The mothers either cannot, or are too busy to read, and a newspaper, usually one printed in a foreign language, is all the literature that the home affords. Then, when the boy or girl reaches fourteen, there comes the opportunity of earning money. Why stay in school? Usually he is one or two grades behind other children of his age, he is restless, out of place, and eager to be out in the world seeking his fortune. So he leaves school, goes to work, and—most tragic of all—makes no more attempt toward learning. School, so he argues, is an exercise for children. Having become a man, he “puts away childish things.”

What Should Education Mean?

The education of the child from the foreign-speaking home is the most pressing problem that faces our public-school system. In the few hours of the school day, five times a week, with large classes comprising children of every racial type, and with a uniform system of instruction, how

can the school give these children the individual attention they need for their development? Under our present educational system which lays down the curriculum for all, and permits the teacher little or no freedom to exercise her own judgment as to what her class needs or can grasp, it cannot be accomplished.

Go over the lists of required reading in the schools. Here are such classics as *Ivanhoe*, *The Oregon Trail*, *The Last of the Mohicans*. All good and valuable, and certain to interest—but what comprehension has Yetta Salamonsky, born in the teeming Ghetto of Moscow and transplanted at the age of four to a Grand Street tenement and the Ghetto of New York, of Saxon life in the days of the Plantagenets? It is not as though Yetta read largely. Very probably *Ivanhoe* is the only book she will read in six months, and that because her grade requires it. If you were to limit your reading to two books a year, and nothing else—would you choose *Ivanhoe* for one of them?

And what ideas of America outside the Borough of Manhattan does she gain from *The Last of the Mohicans*? A wild country, Indians and buffaloes, and deserted forests, all confirmed by the exciting and far-fetched “Wild West” pictures of the movies. “Sure it’s true, Teacher. I seen it in the pictures.”

During the War several regiments were de-

tailed to guard the line of the great aqueduct which brings water to New York City from the Catskills—a distance of one hundred miles. One company, recruited from an industrial city of central New York State, and made up entirely of first-generation Americans, workers in a big shoe factory, was encamped near the gate of the Highlands. The surrounding country may seem fairly wild to city-trained eyes, though interspersed with farms and small settlements. Certainly the woods hold nothing more terrible than poison ivy and an occasional snake. Yet, in that encampment, there arose a legend which told of wildcats in the hills, horrible brutes which were heard prowling in the night. And this was solemnly believed by every man in the company, not excepting the officer, who questioned old residents in the district about the reality of those wildcats.

So much for the effect of wild animal pictures in the movies!

More schools is the answer; smaller classes, a more flexible system of instruction, and teachers trained to help the foreign-born on the road to citizenship. It is sometimes suggested that there should be special schools for our foreign-born, and for children from foreign homes. But why segregate them from the best and most powerful influences—American schoolmates? Let the delinquents and mentally unfit be put into special classes, but do not take Nancy and Anna and

Nathan away from Mabel. They need her, even more than they need the books and required reading, and Mabel needs them and what they have to teach her.

Racial Reciprocity

The foreign-born children in our schools have much to give as well as to gain. Angelo Talarrico's spontaneous enthusiasm for beauty of line and form and color, his keen interest in the plaster casts in the school corridor, and his questions about them, open the eyes of the rest of the class more quickly than all Teacher's talks on art. Angelo comes of a race of explorers. The great Christoforo Colombo was his ancestor. How new America seems, looking into the rapt face of this descendant of ancient Rome, in whose country, so early, art reached her blossoming!

These Latins and Poles and Czechs are quick to respond to beauty. They have, too, an ardent patriotism which makes them hero-worshipers. In the Italian home there is usually a picture of Mussolini, with an American and an Italian flag draped above it, and it is quite common to find the Fascisti leader flanked by the familiar faces of Washington and Lincoln. And with this outward respect to the great men of their adopted country there is often an understanding and appreciation of them that far outshines that of

many a native son. Not long ago the pupils in the Americanization school in Washington were asked to write a composition on the life of Lincoln; and a lad, one Sam Cohen, only lately come from Poland, handed in as his "composition":

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Who is the man
Who learned the wisdom from mother nature,
Learned to write without a pen
And whose words were more than sure?

Whose words were for the people's mind
Clear like the skies on summer days
And being so deep and bright
Like the flying birds that haven't any way,

Who is as strong as the lion
And kind as the angels,
Whose life it was that goes on
In one of the fairest tales?

Whose name you can hear from east to the west
From north to the south.
In the time when in the youth
Awakes the thoughts.

And from home he goes away
His fortune to try.
His father's lips tremble, when he says
See, my son, go on and be like Abraham Lincoln.

Says a critic, "The words of Lincoln have unlocked the tongue of a foreigner and made him free of a common language. To understanding

hearts America need not fear to trust her heritage.”

There are many ways of teaching these young Americans what patriotism means, and the ideals of sacrifice and service which are wrapped about the word Liberty. The public schools have the greatest opportunity and obligation, but the schools cannot do it all. Every community organization, every agency which has as its aim the upbuilding of a finer citizenship must bear its part, and this not for purely patriotic reasons, but that America may help through the democracy to which we are pledged to abolish caste and race barriers and fears from God's earth forever.

Public Libraries

During and since the War the public libraries have been doing a great deal of “Americanization” work. By means of books dealing with the problems of citizenship, books of American history, and biographies of great Americans, they are doing much to make the meaning of America clear to thousands of our new citizens. In many of the libraries trained Americanization workers are employed whose knowledge of the racial traits and differences gives them a quickened understanding and ability to serve the foreign readers. They arrange lectures, classes in English, in civics, in American history; they help men and

women to secure naturalization papers, all with the intent to make the foreign-born citizen feel himself an important part in the community life, and impressing on him his responsibility toward the land whose privileges he enjoys. In this way the library has grown to be more than a place where books are kept and from which they may be borrowed. It becomes an educational center. It carries on and supplements the work of the public school.

It is for the community to see that books which open roads to learning, books which hold out to us all the comradeship of the great ones of this earth, are within reach of everyone; that the necessity for going to work which takes the great majority of our people away from school before they have finished the grades does not mean the closing to them of the gate of knowledge.

In some towns and small settlements where there is no regular public library, one of the churches may maintain a reading-room and community hall which is used for educational and recreational purposes. If a few books in the language of the majority of foreign residents are added to the shelves, and if these foreigners are encouraged to share in the activities, to come to the lectures and musicals and plays, this may prove a bond which will draw the two elements in the community into a helpful mutual understanding.

It is obvious that the public library's greatest work should be done in the large centers of population where buildings, funds, and workers are available; where, too, many of the foreign residents have an initial desire for intellectual advancement. The agricultural and construction-gang workman, and the laboring man and factory hand of the average small town are likely to be of lower intelligence than the city dweller, and content to remain so. They do not expect to find in books the same aids to material advancement that the office worker and skilled workman look for. Too, the man who comes from a small town or rural district of a European country is quite unprepared for the idea of a library open to all, and maintained by the state or community for the use of all its citizens from the least to the first. Often he does not make this discovery until his children point the way.

The Children's Room at the Public Library with its books within easy reach, its pictures and flowering plants, above all its story-teller, is more than an enjoyable experience to these children from foreign homes—it is an education in itself. For once they fall under the spell of the story, once they discover that the tales they find so thrilling on the story-teller's lips are written down in books where they can read them for themselves, they have passed the first milestone along the difficult road of learning.

And what do they choose to read for themselves? Tales of American history, biographies of famous Americans, and “poor boys who have become famous”—especially American boys, for there are no more ardent Americans than these boys and girls who have so recently emerged from the Old World; and fairy tales. They care not at all for the type of “family” or school story which American boys and girls seem to prefer. One reason for this may be found in the fact that very few “foreign” children know what an American home is like. They have practically no understanding of the everyday life of boarding-schools, colleges, and even the small-town community in which they themselves may live. They are in the community, but not of it. But they have what the American child seems to lack, a love for imaginative tales, for fairy lore, and miraculous happenings. Many of their own mothers still entertain a not altogether unshaken faith in witches, spells, the evil eye, and the magic properties of a sprig of basil or pennyroyal. And if these are to be credited, who shall doubt the truth of Cinderella’s pumpkin coach, or say that nibbling a bit of witch-hazel twig will not enable one to see the fairies?

We in America have need of this romance and expectancy which seem, curiously enough, to have survived among the peoples of the Old World after it has been discredited by the new

West. We are in danger of becoming swamped by the industrial civilization which we have created, of putting all our faith in the gospel of success, of losing the color and the glamor and the romance in our quest for material gold. We need more fairy tales and fewer success stories, more legend and less sophistry.

What a big library can do on a big scale, a little library can do in smaller measure. Only let the community become awake to its responsibility, and all manner of ways will present themselves. Where there is no library, or where there is no regular Children's Room, a church can have a "Story Hour" in the parish hall once a week, to which all the children of the community are invited. They will not need urging after the first shyness wears away under the story-teller's spell. This is a very real way of teaching these newcomers the meaning of America, of instilling in them a pride in the town which is their home by telling interesting bits of history connected with the locality.

Interesting Community Experiments

A community dramatic club in an Ohio town conceived the plan of asking the residents of "Dago-town" to be responsible for part of one of their programs. The result was amazing to many in the audience whose ideas of a foreigner

were not unlike those of the ancient Greeks, who dubbed everyone born outside their territory "a barbarian." From a ramshackle tenement "across the tracks" came a boy with a violin and witchery in his fingers. The deep-bosomed young woman who helps her husband in the fruit store sang an aria from one of the Verdi operas with as little concern or embarrassment as though it had been the veriest trifle—and sang it very well, as all her audience who were familiar with a great prima donna's rendering of the same song exclaimed. She was followed by four Roumanians, two men and two young women, in picturesque peasant costume, who danced a series of folk dances with great zest and delight to themselves and to the audience. And from that one evening's entertainment there has grown a new feeling among the Americans of the old stock toward these newcomers, a feeling that these Italians and Magyars and Slovenes who are settling in their midst are not a horde of encroaching aliens to be feared and battled with, but folk not so very unlike themselves, interested in many of the same things, and more intent on building homes for themselves and their children than in spreading "Red" propaganda.

In one city the local organization of the Sons of the American Revolution is at present at work upon a little history to be published in pamphlet form, which will be distributed to all the foreign-

born children in the schools of that city. It is to contain stories of the dramatic facts that surround the founding of the city, tales of the men who have given their best gifts to make it great, with photographic illustrations of interesting historic landmarks. Who can doubt that reading this, Rosie Riego will view the city monuments with more enlightened eyes and will feel that she as a citizen of the same city has an equal duty toward its welfare?

It is not alone the children of aliens who need this teaching. Too many American boys and girls grow up in profound ignorance and indifference to the very facts about the community in which they live that would make them good citizens. If the equality of Americanism is to be reckoned by interest in and information on American civic affairs, the result of a recent prize essay contest in the New York City high schools is significant. Most of the winners were not of native or even Anglo-Saxon origin, but the children of aliens, and many of them of Russian, Italian, and Central European ancestry. Surely, the children of native Americans could know and care as much about American affairs, if they would, as the children of Italian and Russian and Jewish immigrants. We would not have the alien learn less or care less, but we would have the native-born American prize his citizenship as highly as do

those who acquire it through the process of the courts.

In Higher Institutions of Learning

If our concern thus far has been for the children in the grades and high school, that is because the vast majority of our boys and girls do not go beyond these. Only the children of the economically established can afford the time or the money for a college education. This does not imply wealth,—a very large proportion of students in our colleges are “working their way,”—but it does mean that the student’s family has achieved a standing in our economic life which is more or less secure and which makes it possible for him or her to carry his education beyond the grades. It is a long, hard road from the position of the unskilled foreign laborer who is paid by the hour, and who may be “laid off” at short notice, who has neither capital nor credit, nor place in the community, to the man who can afford to let his seventeen-year-old son or daughter put off the time of assuming a financial responsibility toward the home and the younger children until he or she has completed a college course.

Twenty-five years ago this question of finance limited the students in our colleges to Americans of older stock. Today, our universities report a

steadily increasing number of students who are foreign born, or the children of foreign parents. This is true in particular of institutions like Columbia, the University of Chicago, and the University of California, which draw their student bodies from the most cosmopolitan cities on the globe.

Many of these foreign students, it is true, are not prospective citizens, since international scholarships lure many progressive young men and women from other lands to seek educational advantages in America. Albania, Isle of Cyprus, Esthonia, Palestine, Iceland, Siam, Liberia, and Syria are among other nations which have representatives in the student body. But, far in excess of these are the graduates from our lower schools.

When the list of awards of University scholarships in the State of New York was published last summer, the names of two brothers headed the list—Bernard and Vincent Ciofari of New Rochelle. Six years ago they came to this country from Italy with their mother and a younger brother to join their father who was already established here. Last June they were graduated from the New Rochelle High School with the distinction not only of standing at the head of their class, but also at the head of the list of University scholarship winners for the entire State.

When they landed here, they could neither un-

derstand nor speak a word of English. When they were graduated, they spoke as valedictorian and salutatorian at the commencement exercises in their school, having mastered the language of the land of their adoption to such an extent as to receive the commendation of all who heard them.

The story of these two boys is being repeated many times over, in many schools, in many states. They go on to college from the lower schools, and what will they find there? Will college give them a wider life, a truer understanding of human nature, the increase in wisdom which is greater than knowledge and more precious than rubies?

One of the most interesting, and at the same time most misunderstood groups of foreign students in our American colleges, are the Hindus. While immigration from India has never been a real factor in our immigration problem, there are a fair number of Hindus who have settled in Southern California, where they are engaged in cotton growing. Many of the colleges on the Pacific coast and throughout the Middle West have Hindu students. These dark-skinned Orientals have not been welcomed by the other members of the student body. Their presence agitates anew the problems of race equality, round which so much bitterness has grown. For while most of us are learning to discount nationality as a

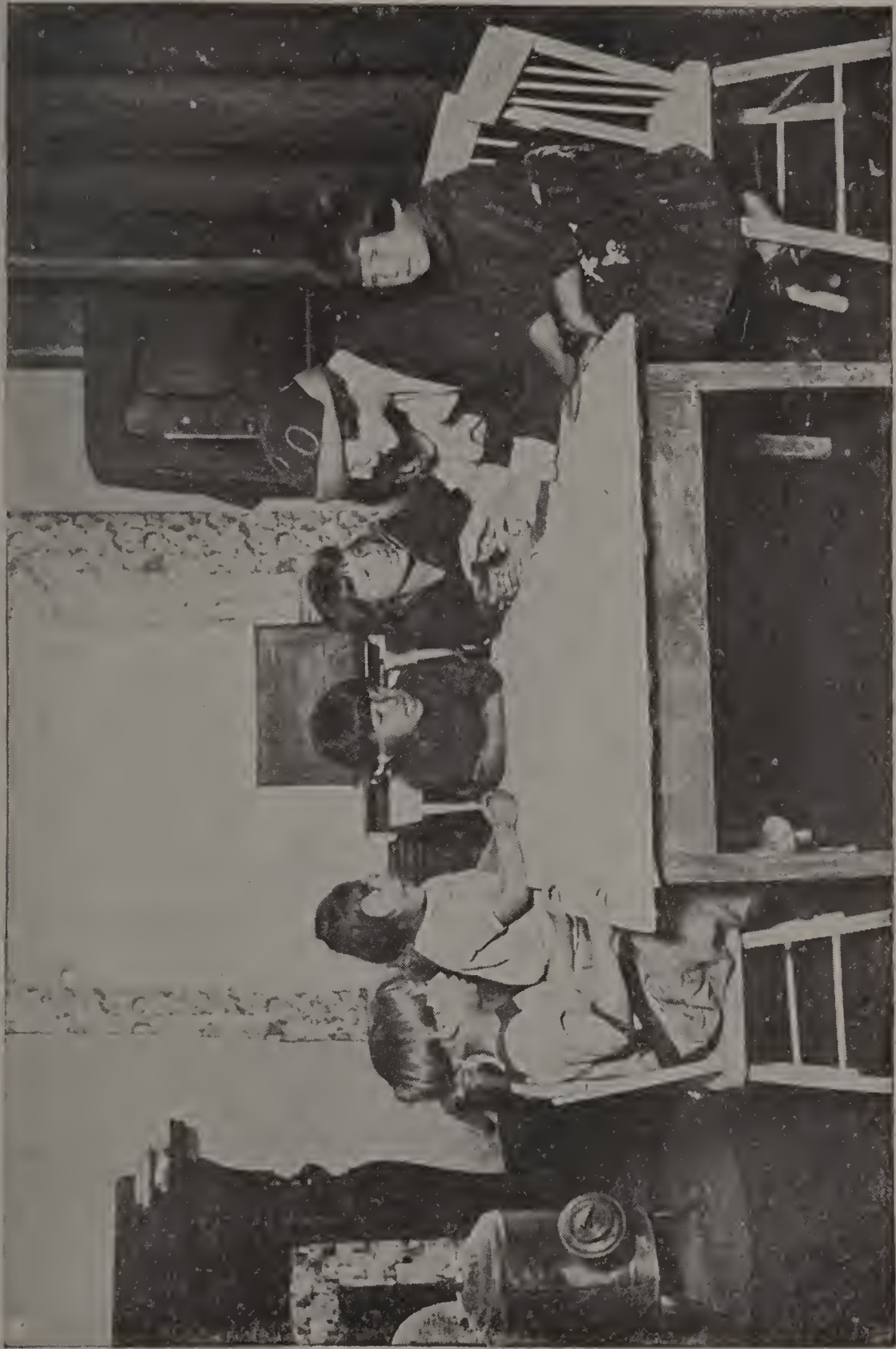
barrier to understanding, color still remains to us a distinction difficult to overlook.

One reason for this is that college represents to us a form of social life. The education of our boys and girls is compulsory, the grade and high schools are State institutions. We are proud of this. But most of us incline to look upon a college or university training as a privilege not to be enjoyed by the many. Out of this has grown the caste feeling which is rife in the ultra conservative colleges today—the exclusion of Jews; the rules against Negro students; the bar to Orientals. In the great State universities where these regulations cannot legally be enforced, there is sometimes a caste system among the members of the student body. For “caste is the protection of one race or social group against another which it regards as inferior.”

Are these races inferior? Can we, living in the Light of Jesus' message to mankind, consider them to be so?

This is to raise one of the most pointed questions which modern civilization has to answer.

Can it be that the education of George Adams is cheapened because Nathan Frankel, Antonio Rizzi and John Sobieski share with him the same lecture halls, gymnasium and campus? Does a college lose its prestige when its gates are opened to Jews as well as Gentiles, to Orientals as well as to Europeans?



ORIENT, EUROPE, AND AMERICA MEET AS A COLLEGE GIRL TEACHES THIS SUNDAY-SCHOOL
CLASS IN A DOWNTOWN CITY CHURCH



CHINESE CHILDREN IN A PLAYROOM OF A CITY CHURCH WHERE MANY RACES ARE LEARNING THE
MEANING OF CHRISTIAN BROTHERHOOD

Being an American, it is likely that George Adams's life after he leaves college will contain a good many Sobieskis and Rizzis and Frankels. They will work with him in the same office; they will buy from them and sell to them; he will manufacture wares to suit their tastes; he will write the books he reads and the plays he goes to see; if he goes into politics, he will seek their votes; for they—whatever our feeling about it may be—they are the American people. In view of this, it would seem that the sooner he begins to understand them, the better.

We can but hope that from the great universities which men and women of every race may enter, where there are opportunities of breaking through these barriers to a mutual understanding, may come a solution.

“The university, in its modern form, is as yet only partially conscious of its place in civilization, and of its mission,” said Nicholas Murray Butler, President of Columbia University, in a recent address. “The University takes its place by the side of the Church and the State as one of three fundamental institutions of modern civilization.

“It is part of the service, as it is one of the aims of the university, to indicate how these two powerful directing motives in human life may be reconciled and coordinated.

“The modern university, built with firmness

and strength upon the foundations of a great tradition, upon the life and love of a noble people, is, more than any other human institution, typical of that coming day when the nations shall, without losing their independence or their strength, be bound together by new ties—intellectual and moral—of sympathy, of understanding, and of cooperation.”

The vast and steadily increasing number of Jews in our universities bears testimony to their innate eagerness for intellectual advancement. With our mounting oriental population,—the census of 1920 records 111,010 Japanese in this country as against 72,156 in 1910,—we may expect to find every year more and more Americans of Asiatic lineage in our colleges and higher schools. Because it is against these two racial groups—and one other—that our greatest prejudices are directed, this is a problem which thoughtful Christians cannot ignore or leave to chance.

Negro Education

The third group which constitutes a distinctly American race problem are the Negroes. If the intellectual evolution of the Negro has seemed slower than that of the other races subjected to Western civilization, that has been brought about by several powerful circumstances: one is, that African slaves retained their native dialect and

customs of living for several generations after coming to America; another, they have been almost universally agricultural workers—without the intellectual stimulus of competition in the trades; and third, they entered American life from a state of semi-savagery. The Jew traces his religious and intellectual ancestry back to Moses, more than four thousand years before Christ—and to Abraham, to whom the great kings of vanished empires made obeisance. The Chinese derives his intellectual heritage from a time unrecorded by the history of the Western world. But at the most, only fifteen generations—and in many instances not more than six—stand between the American Negro of today and the African jungle.

Another obstacle may be traced in the fact that alone of all the races in America, the Negro was brought here against his will. Immigration is a decisive action, which the lazy, unambitious, and unprogressive do not attempt. One of the old cries of European economists has been that America lured from their motherland her best young stock. But the Negro was brought here—he would never have come of his own volition; and that fact has held back his subsequent development.

It is, however, most enlightening to watch the march of the black man's progress during the past twenty-five years, his advance into industry

and the trades, his growing acceptance of the responsibilities of citizenship. We have already seen that a new spirit of immigration is bringing more and more Negroes from the "solid South" to Northern centers—thus distributing the Negro problem over a wider section of the country than before, and presenting it to those who ten or five years ago gave it little thought at all. But the Negro of today is not only showing a desire for new occupations, he has glimpsed an intellectual advancement of which his fathers never dreamed. The work of men like Booker Washington and of Dr. DuBois for Negro education is bearing fruit in the thousands of young men and women of their race who are enrolled in Negro schools and colleges throughout the South. Truly, the Negro problem is changing its aspect rapidly.

It is noteworthy that during 1920 property-owning Negroes in the United States increased their holdings by fifty million dollars; that the youngest student ever to receive the degree of Ph.D. from the University of Pennsylvania was Harris S. Blackstone, a Negro; that Dr. Walter S. Grant, a Negro, was second on a list of two hundred examined for internships at the Cook County Hospital, Chicago; that the coveted Prix Goncourt for 1921 was awarded to René Maran, a Martinique Negro, for the best French novel of the year; that no less than seventeen motion-picture, film-producing corporations are operated

by Negroes, and that Elijah McCoy, a Negro inventor of Detroit, in forty-eight years has taken out no less than fifty-seven patents. These facts, taken from the Negro Year Book, 1921-1922, show the entrance of the Negro into every field of business and the professions and arts.

One great factor in this must not be overlooked—the work of the mission schools. Christian missions were first to accept the loudly lamented “Negro problem” as an obligation and an opportunity.

For more than half a century they have labored to raise the mental, moral, and spiritual status of the black man; to lead him along the path of Christian progress; to develop the abilities that lie waiting within him. In big institutions like Hampton, St. Augustine’s, Spelman Seminary, and Tuskegee, as well as in many smaller schools, young men and women are being trained under the wisest guidance. They are being taught not only to help themselves, but to help others; they are learning to work with head and heart and hands. Trade schools and courses in agriculture will help the young men to fill a higher place in the community than was theirs before, as they pass from the ranks of the unskilled to skilled workers. The young women are being taught nursing, dietetics, sewing, and stenography in addition to the regular high school and college courses.

The Churches' Task in Education

But how are the churches and how are we as individual Christians concerned in these problems of education? Some would say that they are matters for the State and for educational agencies alone.

If we believe that "education is a mastery of the arts of life," it is evident at once that this concept demands the cooperation of every agency for good among the people of the world. The future of all mankind rests with the boys and girls in our schools. Our civilization is in their hands. Their thoughts and their ideals will be the moving factors in the years that are coming. Is it enough that they shall learn the three *R*'s? that they shall study Spanish and history and geometry? that they shall master the arts and the sciences, and not comprehend the greatest art of all—that of life?

Perhaps the most important lesson that man has to learn is how to live with his fellow men. It cannot be learned from books, though books are often enlightening and helpful, but it is learned from daily contact, from an earnest effort toward a mutual ground of understanding, from the determination to look always behind the outward differences that separate man and man to the essential likeness that binds us together. Somehow, in some way, education must lead us

toward this, or else it will fail of its purpose.

All wars have had their origin, not in armies or diplomatic wranglings, but in the thoughts of men and women. It matters very materially to our civilization what we think of each other. The impulse toward war which grips whole communities and groups of individuals from time to time can be prevented only by far-reaching changes in education, in the economic structure of society, and in the moral code by which public opinion controls the lives of men and women. The reign of the Prince of Peace is a sovereignty of heart and mind and soul which permits no trace of racial hatreds or personal bitterness or fear.

“Education,” says Bertrand Russell, “should not aim at a passive awareness of dead facts, but at an activity directed toward the world that our efforts are to create. It should be inspired, not by a regretful hankering after the extinct beauties of Greece and the Renaissance, but by a shining vision of the society that is to be, of the triumphs that thought will achieve in the time to come, and of the ever-widening horizon of man’s survey over the universe. Those who are taught in this spirit will be filled with life and hope and joy, able to bear their part in bringing to mankind a future less somber than the past, with faith in the glory that human effort can create.”

V

ONE GOD TO GLORIFY

“**M**ANKIND,” said Voltaire, “is incurably religious.”

Thus, in a single, immortal sentence the skeptic philosopher summed up what is at once the greatest truth which science has uncovered, and the imperishable hope of humankind. For, in man's eternal seeking after God, in his instinctive acknowledgment of a power greater and finer than himself or the things of his world, is the testimony of all that separates him from the rest of creation. It is the seal of the sonship “by which we cry Abba, Father.”

Prayer, which is the soul's expression of its hunger for God, and worship, man's acknowledgment of God's presence and his own dependence on God's favor, are universal. There is neither speech nor language where their voice is not heard. They are the exclusive property of no single race group, since all peoples, of all times, and on all continents have sought after God if haply they might feel after Him and find Him. Through the mass of myth and folk-lore and religious and historical legend which is the property of every race, the careful student can trace man's struggle toward the reality which is revealed fully in Christ Jesus.

A missionary to Africa tells of an ignorant black woman who on hearing for the first time the story of the Christian gospel, exclaimed to her neighbor, "There, I always told you there ought to be a God like that." She had found in the person of the Savior of men that which filled a ceaseless longing in her own soul.

This hunger for God which finds expression in religious doctrine which we call creed, and in religious practice through the churches, is one more link—and the strongest—in the chain which binds humankind together. It is true that the accidents of race have developed different expressions, but the same spirit and the same desire lie behind them all.

Religion and Nationality

It is tragic indeed that instead of finding this universal desire for God on the part of all people a means of bringing the races of men into closer accord, man has made of it a barrier and a stumbling-block on the road to understanding. Through the long ages when theology passed as religion, when the interpretation of a phrase in the New Testament was made the subject of long and vehement debates ending in bitter controversy, we grew more and more intent on the religious differences between man and man. We seemed to give more thought to men's postures

as they prayed—whether they knelt, stood, or sat—than to their prayers. The name inscribed over the door of the building in which a man worshiped influenced our opinion of him more than the God whom he served there. And much of this religious prejudice and misunderstanding, of which we are all of us guilty, was brought about by national and racial prejudices that had their origin in politics.

The Reformation, coming as it did at a time when the spirit of nationalism was every day gaining power in Western Europe, brought about not only changes in religious thought, but political and economic changes as well. The old feudalism which had established the power of the individual baron as supreme in his little world was broken down, and nations were being born. Immediately, religion became a national affair, to be regulated by the State.

A whole century before English Protestants were free to worship God according to the dictates of their consciences, a man preaching to the Czechs in the Bethlehem Chapel in Prague lighted a torch which was to fire the whole world. That man was Jan Hus. His interpretation of the Word of God, and his insistence on the divine right of the individual conscience brought down upon him the wrath of Roman ecclesiastical authority, which had the armies of Austria to enforce its will. Hus was brought before the

Council of Constance, tried, condemned as a heretic to die, and his ashes were thrown into the Rhine, which bore them northward and westward as the faith he proclaimed was later to spread.

The burning of Jan Hus sounded a war drum throughout Bohemia. The Czechs, under Johan Ziska “of the Chalice, Commander in the Hope of God,” as he called himself, fought with bitter determination for their religious liberty, for the right to read the Bible, and for the right of the laity to the chalice in the Holy Communion—a right which a Papal decree had taken away. And they were victorious. In the year 1436, antedating the English Reformation by a century, the Czechs established for themselves a national church, independent and self-organized. A great religious fervor possessed the people. Nothing like it had been known before in the world. They transformed the old Greek custom of singing hymns at Easter, a custom which had been incorporated into Czech national life since their conversion to Christianity through the ministrations of two missionaries of the Greek Church—into singing hymns the year round. Not a Roman priest was to be found in Bohemia or Moravia, and only the capture of Constantinople by the Turks prevented the Czechs from affiliating themselves again with the Eastern Orthodox Church. But political intrigue and ecclesiastical trading between Rome and Austria were at work to break

down this bulwark of Protestantism. The Jesuits were introduced in 1556, and they entered with strict orders to burn every Bible and hymn-book and every piece of literature written in the Czech language. Women preserved family Bibles by baking them in loaves of bread. The congregations, driven from their places of worship, met for divine service in the woods and fields. But in the year 1620 the Czech nation and the Czech Church were no more. The dominion of Austria was supreme, and the Czechs returned sullenly to an enforced obedience to the Church of Rome.

Many, many of them, however, refused to submit. They emigrated to England, where in a single generation they became Anglicized, changed or translated their names, and in another generation found themselves in Holland, and then in New England among the Puritans, in New York City among the Dutch, and in Pennsylvania among the Quakers.

The Moravian Church, for many generations a strong force in the religious life of Pennsylvania, was established by Germans who derived their Protestant doctrines from the early Hussites. Moravian settlements carried forward the ideals for which Jan Hus had suffered martyrdom. It was John Bohler of the Moravian Church who started to carry the gospel to the Negro slaves in South Carolina, met John Wesley, and con-

verted him to the missionary cause—all of which led to the great revival of 1737.

Thus, it seems clear that the religious affiliations of nations and groups are not dependent on racial characteristics, but on their political and national history. We cannot reasonably or truthfully declare that “all Latin peoples are Roman Catholics because the Roman Church is their natural, racial, religious expression,” any more than we can assign all loyal Americans to membership in the Republican party because that is the political party now in power. It is true, of course, that long-established custom, education, and party prejudice have given these racial groups an inclination toward one church or another. But as the races meet and mingle in American life, religious preference becomes a personal matter, and a man’s religion belongs to himself alone, not to state or community.

The Christian’s Freedom of Choice

Not long ago two Czech boys, newcomers in the town, found their way to the club and carpentry class which was held once a week for the boys of one of the Protestant Sunday schools. They were immediately enthusiastic about all the activities, and after three or four weeks they began coming on Sunday to the regular Sunday-school sessions. Their mother spoke little or no Eng-

lish, she never went out from the home except to go to market, and the family had no religious affiliations in America. For several weeks the boys were faithful in their Sunday attendance and showed every sign of being as interested in the spiritual life of the group as in the week-day meetings when they played games and made toy furniture and puzzles. Then, for two or three Sundays they did not arrive until the lesson was drawing to a close, and came in breathless and a little shamefaced. After the third time the teacher questioned them as to where they had been. Karl's face became troubled as he explained. The parish priest had stopped him on the street and scolded him for going to a Protestant Sunday school. "He said," Karl told her, "that all Bohemians were Catholic, and that Johan and I must not come here at all. He said we must go to mass every Sunday. So we go to mass, and then quick, we come here."

It was a difficult thing to explain to a fourteen-year-old boy, but the teacher tried to put the matter before him quite fairly. "I tried," she explained, "to make him see that by going first to mass to avoid the priest's ill-will and then running up the hill to the Protestant Sunday-school class, he was facing his problem neither honorably nor honestly. No law, I pointed out, of race or nationality could compel him to be either Catholic or Protestant. He must choose

for himself according to his own conscience, and then, having made his choice, he must abide thereby.

“On the following Sunday neither of the boys appeared at Sunday school. My heart sank. Had I failed to do or say the right word at the right time? When the next Sunday came round, I went to the class, still wondering. There, already in their seats, sat Karl and little Johan; and when the roll was called for those who intended staying for the church service which followed the school session, both boys responded, ‘Yes.’

“‘We have made up our minds,’ Karl told me later. ‘We do not want to be Catholic, and now that we know that we do not have to be, we will be here every Sunday.’”

And they were.

Christian Fellowship

Many of these people of alien races who are learning the first difficult lessons of citizenship in our cities and small towns are without religious affiliations of any kind. Some of them, associating religion with unhappy experiences in the Old World, are frankly and vehemently agnostic. They have adopted socialism, radicalism, and all the evils of Bolshevist thought in religion as well as politics, and they are proud of their emancipation from what they call “superstition” and

medievalism. In the majority of cases this is at bottom a revolt from Catholic doctrine and practise, which has not only proved unfortunate for them, but which they cannot reconcile with their ideas of America as a "free" country.

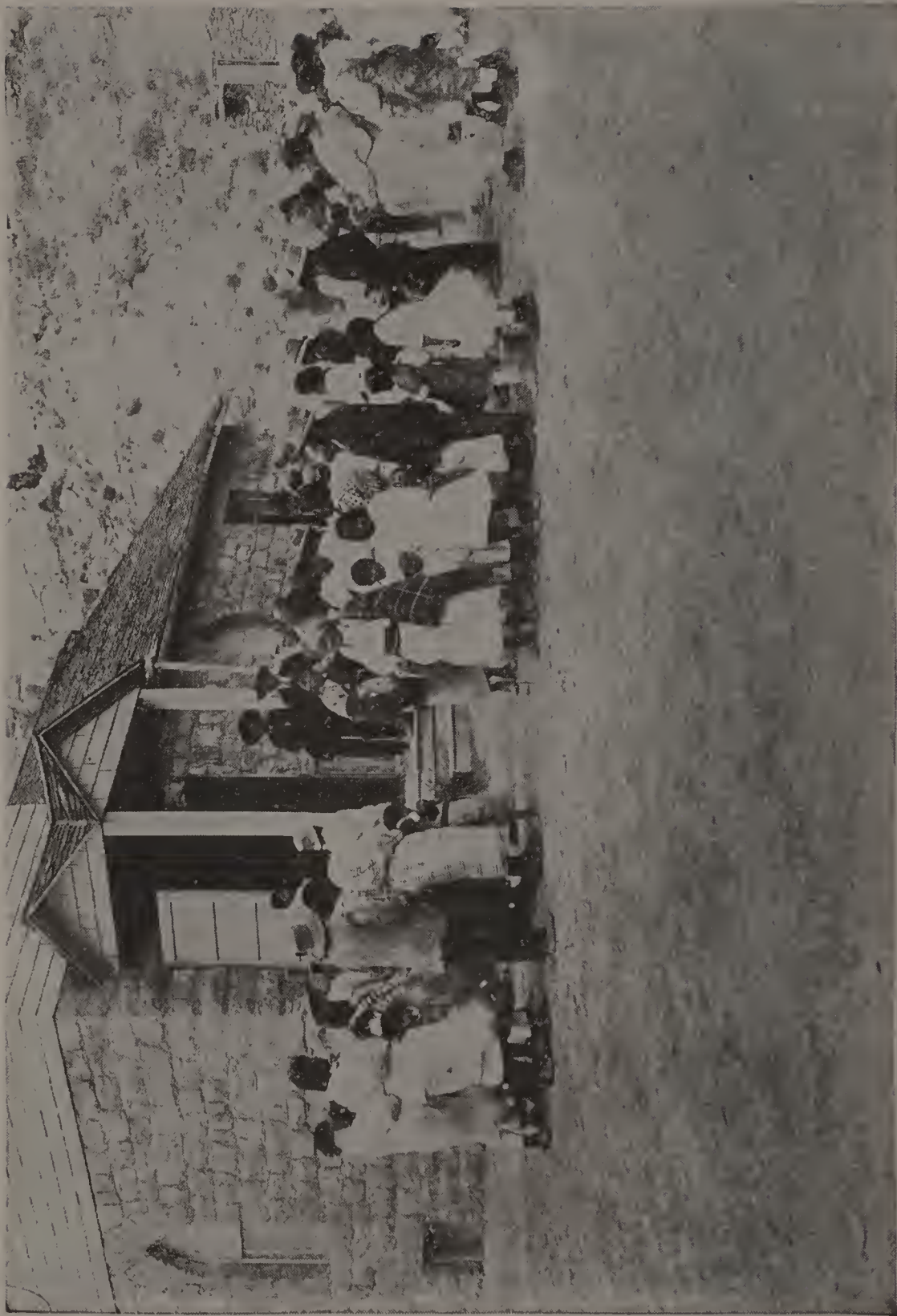
"The basis of the democracy which George Washington fathered," so comments Mr. Gino Speranza in a series of articles on the Immigration Peril, "was, on the side of character and conduct (that is, the relation of man to man) distinctly Anglo-Saxon; on the side of religion (that is, the relation of man to God) it was distinctly Christian and specifically Protestant. If I stress . . . the fundamentally Anglo-Saxon and Protestant character of American civilization, it is because upon it rests, historically and philosophically, the principles of Self-Government—self-government in all things—political, moral, and intellectual. It is distinctly this Anglo-Saxon and Protestant character which makes government of and by the people applicable not only to the American State, but to the American home, to the American Church, and to American industrial life. In the home it means equality of husband and wife; in the Church it means the voice of the laity; in industry it means the participation of the worker."¹

It is for the Protestant churches of America to show these embittered newcomers that the

¹ See *World's Work*, Oct., Nov., Dec., 1923.



A DRESSMAKING CLASS IN A CHICAGO CHURCH HOUSE



A CONGREGATION OF THE "FIRST AMERICANS" GATHERED ABOUT THEIR CHURCH ON
THE WESTERN PLAINS

spirit of Jesus still lives, that it is a force in American life and character, and that the national motto, "In God We Trust," is more to us than a decoration for our coins and state seals.

How are we to do this?

It is a clear challenge to our personal Christianity, and not a difficulty to be delegated to any organization or society. Committees and commissions are effective enough in handling material things, but the danger is that we shall trust too much to their offices and so minimize our personal responsibility. Miss Maude Royden, in commenting on the American zeal for organization, has said that "in America, where one or two are gathered together, there you will find, if not our Lord, a Chairman and a Secretary." Indeed, some of us are likely to feel that our Christian duties can be attended to for us by the organizations to which we subscribe.

The conquest of our own fatherland for Christ must begin on our own doorsteps, nay—at our own hearths. We must preach Christ daily and hourly in our lives if we are to prove ourselves worthy of Him; if, too, we are to keep this America of ours true to the ideals to which it was pledged in the beginning. Too many of us are afraid of religion—afraid to speak of it, lest we be thought priggish or fanatical. Yet there are those with whom we come in contact daily, those who work with us or for us, those from whom we

buy and to whom we sell, who may be in as dire need of the Light as any outcast in Benares or Canton or Tokyo. If this is true of those with normal opportunities for Christian companionship and privilege, is it not especially true of those who are cut off from the religious life of the community by difficulties of language, race, or creed?

A Bulgarian woman who had borne and reared five children in America, and who lived in an Illinois city which has a large Bulgar colony with its own church, priest, and parochial school, became ill and had to be taken to the city hospital. There, through a long, slow convalescence, she became friends with one of the church visitors who came regularly to the wards with little gifts of fruit or flowers or magazines, and often stayed to visit with the patients. As the acquaintance ripened into friendship, the sick woman admitted that she had never known before that Americans were Christians like the Bulgarians. She had thought of them as something like the Mohammedans, who did not acknowledge Christ, nor follow His commandments. "And to think," she added, taking her visitor's hands in hers, "that we have the same Lord, you and I."

This woman had lived more than twelve years in America, yet she had no understanding of the Christian spirit of the community in which she dwelt. In their Bulgarian parish church she and

others of the colony had kept their Old World ideas and allegiances. She knew the streets of America, knew the phonograph, jazz, electrically lighted movie palaces and amusement parks, knew the shops and factories and something of the homemaking ideals, but the soul of its people was to her completely hidden.

This is one, and the most tragic, result of the segregation of races into sharply defined groups, something which happens again and again in our national life. It is serious enough that language should divide us, that color should create a caste distinction, but that our worship of the same God should raise barriers between us is to break again the body of Christ. In this case the segregation was the result of the strong "national" parish church, served by a Bulgarian priest who either could not or who would not train his flock in American ways, or give them an understanding of America.

Some Practical Problems

This raises one of the gravest and most debated problems in our home mission work. Is it better to encourage the national church groups and established religious affiliations of our foreign-born citizens, under pastors of their own race, who can serve them better than could a stranger or outsider, or shall we make every effort to bring

the aliens in our midst in touch with American church influences?

The effort of the Greek Orthodox Church and its many branches has been to establish national churches, parishes where the services are held in the Old World tongue of the people and not in English, and parochial schools for the children.

This is steadily the policy of the Roman Church. Italian priests and Italian "sisters" minister to Italian groups, Polish priests and nuns supervise the religious training of the children of Polish parents. The Album of the parish of St. Stanislaus Kostka, in Chicago, the largest Roman Catholic Polish parish in America, describes one of the parochial organizations as a society whose members are pledged "to be the guardians of everything that is divine and Polish in order to grow up to be real Polish patriots and defenders of the Christian faith."

This deliberate segregation has developed among the Irish, the Poles, and the Italians in America—all, you will notice, peoples of Catholic history—an acute racial consciousness, which is fostered by churches which conduct their services in the Old World tongues, and by parochial schools which keep the children from the democratizing influences of the public schools. Because the Polish immigrants are, to a large extent, an undigested mass in this country, "their feeling of alienage impels them to dwell upon their racial

characteristics, and they become more consciously Polish than they were in Poland," comments a modern economist.

The last Religious Census of the United States records no less than 202 denominations, of which 132 report that a part or all of their organizations use a foreign language. These foreign tongues are as widely divergent as the Japanese of the Buddhist day schools of the Pacific coast, the Yiddish of the Polish Jews in the Ghetto of New York's East Side, and the Magyar of Hungarian Catholics. Jews led the movement to exclude the Bible as a text from the public schools, and their legislation has been aided by the votes of many Irish and Polish Catholics. The race problem of America is a religious problem as well.

There are, of course, many entirely foreign parishes under the leadership of "foreign" pastors which definitely encourage the mutual understanding of the races. Many of these are missions, started by an American parish church for the foreign colony at its doors, to which it could not minister adequately; others are maintained by the home mission boards. These testify to the truly Christian spirit of sympathy and understanding which alone can solve the age-old problem of racial discrimination and prejudice. When these "foreign" churches are in close touch with the American congregations in the

same community, when their pastors work together and their people meet together for great occasions and patriotic services, then there must grow up in that community a finer loyalty to the Christian ideal than was possible when the foreign element was left severely alone to its own devices and its own problems.

But not all the foreign communities can support their own church. Throughout the country there are villages where are found ten, twenty, or thirty foreign families who are cut off from all fellowship with religious bodies. And in the same town will be several well-equipped churches, whose members have been reared under Christian teachings with a loyalty to American ideals and traditions. These parishes are the practical instruments which must be brought into active service for God and the nation in teaching the same loyalty and the same ideals of religion as our own to the foreigner within our gates.

If these people are of Protestant ancestry, as are all of the races of northern Europe, save the Russians, it may be chiefly the difficulties of language which keep them from sharing in the religious life of the community. They do not always recognize the faith of their fathers under the denominational names which we are accustomed to use in America. The terms Baptist, Methodist, Presbyterian, mean nothing at all to the ear of Mrs. Gustavus Peterson, while to many of the

American women of the town Mrs. Peterson is a foreigner "and therefore a Roman Catholic, of course," and not to be approached on matters of religion. There are not a few Americans who believe that all foreigners who are not Orientals, and therefore heathen, are Roman Catholics; who have never heard of the Greek Church; who are incredulous of the fact of there being Protestant settlement houses in many Italian cities, or Protestant Italians at all for that matter; who have long since forgotten, if they ever knew it, that the first churches in America were missions supported by the Christian people of lands across the sea whose descendants, coming to us today, are dubbed "aliens," and viewed with suspicion.

A Community Christmas Festival

In this connection it is interesting to read of the very practical and beautiful effort toward a common worship regardless of race or creed which has been brought about in the town of Pomfret, Connecticut, in the annual Christmas Nativity Play. This is an arrangement of tableaux interspersed with carols and the reading of passages from the gospel story, which tell the events of the Nativity. It is held each year in the village hall, and is far more than a dramatic Christmas festival—it is a service of devotion and worship in itself, in which all the people of

the community share. One of the local people says of it: "Nothing more beautiful has come out of the play year after year than the devout spirit of our young actors. Our shepherds have been girls in their teens. Our wise men were, the first year, a Frenchman, a Moor, and a native New Englander; by trade they were a plumber, a day laborer, and the village postmaster and storekeeper. Joseph was a young Italian workman, and Mary was an Irish girl. The retinue of the Magi are always schoolboys, as full of life and the spirit of mischief as the average boy. . . . The stage and the hall are prepared for the event by communal endeavor. The manger has been made from rough-hewn slabs by a Swedish carpenter with the spirit of worship in his heart."

Thus, in a New England village of Puritan tradition and standards, where, however, modern problems—racial, social and religious—are claiming attention, has grown up a custom which brings together every divergent group in the community, in the worship of the Lord of the nations.

And what one community has done, another can do. It may not be through the same means, but there are other ways quite as effectual. The great national days which have a religious significance should bring people together for common worship and thanksgiving, and if each group

in the community has a certain definite responsibility toward that thanksgiving service, it will be truly a giving of thanks in the inspiring way that Solomon visioned when he prayed at the dedication of the Temple: "Moreover concerning the foreigner, that is not of thy people Israel, when he shall come out of a far country for thy name's sake; . . . when he shall come and pray toward this house; hear thou in heaven thy dwelling-place, and do according to all that the foreigner calleth to thee for; that all the peoples of the earth may know thy name, to fear thee. . . ."

Among Spanish-speaking Americans

If we have so far been considering groups of immigrant peoples, Americans of one or two generations only, in their relation to the social and religious life of communities in which they were a minority, let us turn now to the states of our Southwest, New Mexico, Texas, Arizona, and Southern California, where you will find towns in which less than twenty-five per cent of the population is "white," according to local vernacular.

In this part of democratic America people are divided into two sharply defined classes—white and native. If you are a native, this does not of necessity mean that you were born in that part of the country. You may have been, and your

ancestors may have owned their own land there for several generations before your "white" neighbor's father arrived in an immigrant ship from Germany. The word "native" means that you are a Spanish American, of Mexican strain, an inheritor of the old Spanish civilization which was once a part of our country, yet forever inferior to the "white" American whoever he may be, and from whatever European race group he may be descended.

Here indeed is a race problem peculiarly our own. You will find in New Mexico a native people with old traditions and customs and a civilization of their own which they have brought down from the days before '46, when General Kearney marched across the southwestern desert, captured the walled city of Santa Fé, and, assembling all the people in the public plaza, announced to them that he had taken possession in the name of the government of the United States of America, and that "you are no longer Mexican subjects, you have become American citizens." This wholesale enfranchisement was not unlike the missionary methods of those early Christian kings who baptized their subjects whether they would or no, and often enough without their knowing very clearly what it all portended. For two hundred and fifty years these people had been Mexican in thought, training, speech. For seventy-six

years they have been Americans in name and in the eyes of the law, but not in the rulings of society.

How pressing a problem this race discrimination presents is at once apparent when the census discloses that no less than fifty thousand Mexicans live in the city of San Antonio—about one half the entire population. El Paso is only forty-five per cent “white”; Los Angeles has a Mexican colony of more than thirty thousand. In all of the towns along the border the Mexican population far outnumbers the “white,” sometimes running as high as eighty-five per cent.

Of the seven thousand dollars which the State Legislature of New Mexico paid in salaries to its employees for the two months of last year’s session, over one fifth was for translators and interpreters. “That item, in terms of life, means that there are members duly elected to the Lower House of New Mexico who today cannot transact their legislative business in English.”

Of course not all of these people are old residents in these states. Very many have been driven out of Mexico by the revolutionary troubles of the last few years. They are home-seeking folk, who have crossed the Rio Grande on the same quest that brought the Bohemian, the Italian, the Dane—they are seeking new homes for themselves and their children, opportunities for work,

and freedom from oppression and outlawry.

The majority of these people are pitifully poor. Most of the men are agricultural laborers or are employed in construction gangs. Wages are never high, and they are likely to be out of work for some months of every year. Large families are the rule, and since the housing situation of the towns and small villages is anything but adequate or hygienic, there is also likely to be a good deal of sickness. In Los Angeles nearly one fourth of all the applicants for relief at the County Charities are Mexicans, and half of the cases reported were the direct result of illness. Tuberculosis claims many victims, while trachoma, the dreaded disease of the eyes which bars many aliens from entrance to our shores, is rampant among Mexicans and Indians alike.

The appalling illiteracy is one more impediment in their path. It is not only that large numbers of the men, and many more of the women can neither read nor write nor speak English—they can neither read nor write any language. Their ideas of the land in which they dwell, of their “white” neighbors, of Christianity, are in many homes less advanced than those of the European peasant class before the days of the French Revolution.

The many festivals of the Roman Church introduced by the Spanish friars are often an oc-

casion for strange practises and ceremonies, many of them Indian in origin, to which has been given a Christian significance. Thus, during the week before Easter, the *Penitentes*, a secret society which is especially strong in parts of New Mexico, come out of their usual obscurity and hold some of their ceremonies in public. The participants are masked and wear a single garment which leaves the back exposed. They gash their backs with sharp knives, and then beat their naked bodies with cactus whips until the blood flows, believing that in so doing they are carrying out the Biblical injunction that "without the shedding of blood there is no remission of sin."

Truly there is urgent need among these people of a ministry which shall be not only social, but enlightening to the spirit as well. The fact that the Spanish-speaking folk of our Southwest have been brought up under the dominance of the Roman faith has led some to wonder whether the Protestant churches had a true responsibility for their welfare. If after more than two centuries of opportunity the Catholic Church has failed to establish standards of morality and personal integrity, if it has kept these people illiterate and ignorant, if it has not helped them to better and more healthful ways of living, can we believe that the Protestant churches have the right to pass by on the other side?

Missionaries of the Border

The mission schools and social service centers which the Boards have established in many towns through the southwestern states are carrying Light into homes that were dark and lives that had little hope. They are bringing "white" and "native" into a new and saner relationship; they are bridging the gulf between the twentieth century and the peon system of old Mexico.

It was a woman who started the first of these centers—Matilda Rankin. She was a teacher in a little Mississippi town back in the days of the Mexican War. When the troops came back from the border, they brought tales of villages along the Rio Grande where heathen customs still prevailed, of Mexicans living there in ignorance and want, of the pitiful condition of the children, and the dire need of schools, teachers, neighbors—of the social and spiritual ministry of Christ. The young teacher heard these things with horror. She wrote to several of the mission boards, but these had neither money nor workers to send. "God helping me, I will go myself," said Matilda Rankin. So she started, making the journey in one of the great canvas-covered wagons that were then carrying settlers from the East across the plains to the newly opened West. At length she came to Brownsville, the border town which was headquarters for our army during the border

troubles of 1916. Here she rented an adobe hut, in one room of which she lived; in the other she opened the first school for Mexican girls. She had expected that the mothers would resent her coming, would be shy, perhaps, about letting their children come to the school; but, instead, the room was crowded on the first day, and soon the school had to move into larger quarters.

One day a girl asked Miss Rankin for a Bible. It was for her aunt who lived across the river in Mexico. She had heard her niece tell aloud some of the Bible stories and wanted to read them for herself. Under the law of Mexico no Bibles might be admitted into that country, but the intrepid little mission teacher cared little for that. It seemed to her a wonderful opportunity, and with the help of the American Bible Society and the girls who went back and forth each day, she found ways to smuggle hundreds of Bibles across the border. Thus the foundations were laid for the first Protestant mission in Mexico.

May we not hope to find in the work of the churches among the people today a solution of the race problem of the Southwest which divides American from American on the basis of white and native, and which virtually erects for us a system of caste as arbitrary as any laws of the Brahmans?

We Christians have a great deal to learn—the work of the Holy Spirit is not yet accomplished

in us, nor will it be while prejudices blind our minds and our hearts, and the color of a man's skin hides from us the essential fact of his manhood.

America's Jewish Problem

Of the four outstanding race problems which are the result of our polyglot American life, three are largely local.

The Japanese question has little concern for the Easterner; the New Englander is amazed to hear of thousands of Spanish-speaking Americans in our Southwest and an established civilization that is not only totally foreign, but older than that which we choose to consider as American. The Negroes, though migrating northward, are still a problem for the South.

But the Jew is to be found in every part of the country—except perhaps in the strictly rural communities—and the anti-Semitic feeling, which is too strong among us to be passed over lightly, is evidenced in every state and every city in the Union.

What lies behind this instinctive and general feeling of hostility against the Jew?

“It is not generally recognized,” says Professor Boas, writing on *Jew Baiting in America*,¹ “that race hatred exists only where there is fear

¹ *Atlantic Monthly*, May, 1923.

of the subordinate race's attaining power. When the Negro is docile, subservient, mindful of his place, there is no Negro problem. When the South European immigrant dumbly toiled in mine and mill, turning a deaf ear to organizer and agitator, there was no immigrant problem. If the Jew would remain in a Ghetto and uncomplainingly starve, he might receive contempt for his dirt and his lowliness, but there would be no Jewish problem. Trouble begins with the first sign of Jewish self-assertion."

Many Americans resent with especial bitterness the intrusion of Jews into communities where they are not wanted. The chamber of commerce of a Connecticut town is banding together all property owners in an agreement not to sell or rent any real estate to Jews. In a popular North Carolina resort every lease and deed contains a clause designed to prevent Jews from settling there.

In the Middle Ages the hatred of the Jew was based on religious grounds. The Crusades encouraged men to enforce Christianity with the sword, and Christians sought to acquire merit in the eyes of Heaven by persecuting the descendants of those who condemned their Lord. But is the anti-Semitism of today all religious? Or is it economic and social? Strong feeling is directed against the Jew, not only because of his refusal to acknowledge Christ as the Messiah, but

because he represents an alien element in Western civilization. Through all the centuries since the time of Moses, the Jews have not only kept their identity as a people, but they have opposed every attempt at assimilation.

“And Haman said unto King Ahasuerus, There is a certain people scattered abroad and dispersed among the people in all the provinces of thy kingdom, and their laws are diverse from all people, neither keep they the king’s law.” That indictment is as true of the Jews of today as it was of Esther’s kinsfolk. Is there any state or people so confident of its own power that it will tolerate in its midst a group of individuals persistently foreign, especially when this group aspires to a leading part in the national, economic, or political life? This question is open to discussion.

The most bitter opponents of the Jew argue that he is congenitally a city dweller, and a non-producer. They point to the two great businesses which the Jews control in this country; and they ask whether the clothing trade, with its sweatshops, its cut-throat competition, and the incitement to socialism among the employees is proof of the value of the Jew as a citizen. Has Jewish domination of the theater improved theatrical art and morals? they demand.

Before these two indictments the Jew stands accused.

But there is another side.

The Jew who emigrates to this country expects to work hard and to do his best for his new country. Usually he is hungry for a country to love, only "he wants to serve it dynamically, to add something to it." For the Jew has never acquired the habit of nonchalance. He is ostentatious in his manner, his affections, his dress, in a way that is often offensive to the Anglo-Saxon.

All his arts, gestures, and emotions seem exaggerated to us.

And it is such differences as these which blind us to the other side of the case. Few people know the quiet, affectionate home life, the courtesy and hospitality of the average Jewish home. In one such home, orthodox and strict in every Jewish observance, necessity forced the family to rent a room to a young Christian school-teacher whose home was in a distant state. Christmas came, and when the teacher came back to her bedroom on the eve of the birth of the Lord whom her hostess refused to accept, she found it garlanded in greens, and a few simple gifts prepared for her. The family would not permit her to give anything to them, but they recognized her right to keep the feast, and did their utmost to keep her from homesickness and loneliness.

It is unfortunate, however, that they live in sections of our cities where they have little opportunity and no need of mingling with other races, that they see only the Jewish point of view,

and have their opinions formed for them by Jewish leaders whose own interests are best served by keeping their people apart from American influences.

When Americans turn their efforts toward segregating the Jews still further, when they deny them a place in our common affairs, they are helping to isolate and to increase in the Jewish people the very traits which they deplore so loudly.

The solution of America's Jewish problem calls for the earnest and sympathetic effort of all her people. It lies, too, in giving the Jew a new—and a higher—concept of Americanism. The Jews have tried to be good Americans, but their conception of what it means to be an American has in too many cases been merely the acquirement of wealth and power.

Who is responsible for this? Who held out the promise of riches, power, and estate to a people that had borne long generations of oppression? If the Jew is to learn that America serves another God than mammon, that Jesus is more to us than a historical personage,—is a vital, dominating power in our lives,—he can learn this only through seeing those who profess Christ live by His commandments and show forth His message in their lives.

VI

THE KINGDOM WITHOUT WALLS

THERE was, once upon a time, a Man who had a vision. Standing in the crowded market-place of the great Jerusalem whither many people from all lands and cities and walks of life had gathered for their national feast of remembrance and rededication, He saw the rich man elbowing the beggar aside that he might walk pleasantly in the sunny way; He saw townspeople stare and titter at humbler country folk in their rough cloaks; He saw the native tradesman extort the highest prices for his wares from strangers who knew not the customs of the city; He saw the southron's hot blood rise and his hand steal to his sword at a fancied slight from a man from the north country; He saw the Roman sneer at the Ethiopian, the Jew at the Gentile, the Pharisee at the publican.

Yet even as His bodily eyes accepted all these facts of human intercourse, there grew before the eyes of His spirit the vision of a new city lying foursquare and free to all the tribes of men; a city without walls or boundaries or divisions, a city of love, which is understanding and tolerance and brotherhood. He saw there white man and black man, yellow man and red, working side by side and singing as they worked.

“A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another as I have loved you—by this shall all men know that ye are my disciples.”

Which city is true—the Jerusalem which condemned her Lord, or that which awaits His coming?

Facts are arresting to the mind, but they do not constitute the whole body of truth. Reality stretches beyond the four dimensions which control our finite minds into realms where only the soul of man can venture. It has been pointed out that the most vital question in all the ages was that which Pilate put to the Man of the vision when he asked, “What is truth?” and the most pitiful of all stories is contained in the verse that follows, which indicates that the questioner turned from the one Person who could ever reply to that question—without waiting for an answer.

Christianity and Race Prejudice

There are many in the world today whose ideal of truth cannot compass anything more than material actualities. To them the Man of the vision must be forever the Great Defeated—the rejected of all mankind, whose message has been ignored and whose promises have failed to rouse men’s hearts from cold indifference and bitterness and love of self.

They point to the sad differences between those

who profess themselves followers of Christ as evidence of this. They say that Christianity is beautiful in a mystic, poetical way, but that it does not work; and that the New Testament records the ethical teaching of the East which cannot be made to agree with the facts of Western civilization.

To them there is not, nor can there ever be, a time when the essential likeness of humankind shall outweigh superficial differences. They accept the hard facts of race, national prejudice, and the influences of political history as incontrovertible, and shake their heads in sorrowful misgiving over the "misguided optimism" of those Christians whose faith refuses to limit the power of the Lord of Men, who believe that "there is neither Greek nor Jew, circumcision nor uncircumcision, barbarian, Scythian, bond nor free: but Christ is all, and in all."

Where do we stand?

What is the answer of the Christian churches of America to the Negro problem? to the anti-Semitism which threatens industry in our Eastern cities? to the "yellow peril" of the Japanese in California?

The Race Problem a National Issue

The immigration problem is still a vexed and debatable question. Strong arguments are ad-

vanced on both sides, not the least of which is the fact that the immigration problem involves all the problems of race relationships in our national life.

We are reminded that the 14,000,000 foreign-born, as part of more than 34,000,000 of aliens officially admitted into the United States from all countries since 1820, are supporting and reading 1,052 papers printed in more than thirty different languages varying from Arabic to Yiddish, from Albanian to Welsh.

That during five years of "liberal" policy, enough Jews passed through Ellis Island to outnumber all the communicants of Protestant churches in Greater New York. And up in New England—the cradle of the Puritan and the Yankee—there are to-day "more than one million French Canadians who are carrying on a struggle for the perpetuation of their culture along the same lines as the French in Canada. As a consequence, our New England mill towns have the French language, French parishes and parochial schools, French nationalistic societies, and a French nationalist press."

In New Bedford, Mass., virtually half of its present population was born in foreign lands, with more than half of such alien population having its origin in non-English-speaking countries. This old historic New England town today leads every other city of 100,000 inhabitants and over, in the shameful record of illiteracy with a per-

centage of 12.1 among persons ten years of age and over.

In Crawford County, Kansas, there have been as many as 30,000 foreign-born miners distributed through 36 districts in 42 different camps and small towns, while in the progressive state of Michigan, one school principal writes that in his small, rural jurisdiction of 306 children enrolled, only 97 speak English at home.

A few months ago the Milwaukee (Wisconsin) *Journal* quoted with approval a reference to its own state, from a leading magazine, that "it is not hard to find communities in this country in which the English language is to the inhabitants a foreign tongue and in which habits of thought and conduct are widely variant from those of neighboring communities."

These are facts, vouched for by statisticians and backed up by actual census figures. No one of us can ignore them. Only it remains for us to decide in what spirit we shall meet the problems which our polyglot citizenship thrust upon us.

The spread of the Ku Klux Klan with its declared animosity toward the Jew, the Negro, and the Catholic testifies to the intensity of race prejudice based on fear which these conditions have produced.

The Ku Klux Klan is one way of meeting—it does not solve—the problems of race relationships in the United States. But it is not Christ's way.

One cannot reconcile race and religious prejudice with the words or the way of life of Jesus.

The Japanese in America

Besides the bitter feeling against Catholics, Jews, and Negroes symbolized by the Ku Klux Klan, stands another fear complex of the American people—the anti-Japanese sentiment which is so strong on the Pacific coast.

The census of 1910 reported a Japanese population in California of more than 41,000. The census of 1920 showed 70,196 Japanese resident in the same state.

“At first Japanese settled in the cities, coming into sharp competition with organized labor. Soon they found their way into the country and were welcomed by American agriculturists as day laborers, and especially as seasonal workers. This brought them into still sharper competition with American labor. Because, however, of special capacities for certain forms of agricultural activities, they made a place for themselves, especially in truck gardening, which to a considerable degree they monopolized. They soon began to farm on their own account, first leasing land and then a few of them purchasing it. Groups and ‘colonies’ of Japanese were thus formed in certain areas, creating economic and social conditions distasteful to their American neighbors.

The establishment of Japanese 'Associations,' Japanese language schools, Japanese Chambers of Commerce, and Japanese economic groups, and agreements for fixing prices and development of monopolies—all carried on in the Japanese language and in growing competition with corresponding groups of Americans—inevitably led to bitterness of feeling on both sides.''¹

Another matter which is often cited with alarm is the rise of the Japanese birth-rate. In 1908, the Japanese births in California were 455 or 1.6 per cent of the total; in 1917 they were 4,108, or 7.87 per cent. This has furnished the basis for the estimate that in ninety years there will be more Japanese than white persons in California. But anyone who had made the slightest study of the Japanese population would understand the figures and would realize that the birth-curve, which rose so rapidly between 1912 and 1917, would soon reach its height, and as speedily decline.

The explanation is very simple. The Japanese immigrants between 1900 and 1908 were chiefly young men—laborers who came up from the Hawaiian plantations after the annexation of Hawaii and before the restrictive measures of 1908. Naturally, as the men established themselves in positions where they could support a wife and family, they desired to do so. Unable to find Japanese women in this country, they sent

¹ Sidney L. Gulick.

home for them in many cases, and these women became the much-discussed "picture brides." Some of these brides arrived at San Francisco between July 1911 and March 1920. Other Japanese returned and found wives of their choice in Japan.

Of course, many of these young married people had children; and as the Japanese population was made up of an abnormal number of young men and women, the birth-rate, per thousand, was much higher than it would be in a population containing the average number of children and aged people. In a few years, when most of the men have married, and when all the early settlers have advanced in years, the proportion of Japanese births will steadily decrease.

"To understand the Japanese question," says one who has given many years to a study of this race, "you must have at least a rudimentary knowledge of the various factors that have combined to produce it. It has grown to its present menacing dimensions so silently, so stealthily, that the average well-informed American has only a vague and usually inaccurate idea of what it is all about. He has read in the newspapers of the anti-Japanese agitation in California, of the Gentlemen's Agreement, of 'picture brides,' of mysterious Japanese troop-movements in Siberia, of Japanese oppression in Korea, of the Open Door, of the quarrel over Shantung, of the dispute over

Yap; but to him, these isolated episodes have about as much significance as so many fragments of a complicated jig-saw puzzle.

“East and West”

“Underlying all the misunderstandings between the two nations is race prejudice. Our racial antipathy for the Japanese is instinctive. It has its source in the white race’s attitude of arrogant superiority toward all non-white peoples. We inherited it, along with our Caucasian blood, from our Aryan ancestors. It is as old as the breed. The Japanese do not realize that they are meeting in this an old problem; that the American attitude is not an attempt to place a stigma of inferiority on them, but merely the application to them of the Caucasian’s historic attitude toward all peoples with tinted skins. But this racial prejudice is by no means one-sided. The Japanese consider themselves as superior to us as we consider ourselves superior to them. Make no mistake about that, for they are by no means free from the racial dislike for Occidentals which lies near to the hearts of all Orientals. Only, they have the good sense, good manners, and tact to repress it. That is where they differ from Americans.” And this race prejudice which is strong enough to influence legislation in California and Oregon, which, inflamed by the per-

nicious propaganda issued by both sides, may ultimately result in war between us and Japan—as many students of contemporary history predict—centers about “differences” between them and us which we are so much more willing to recognize than the points of likeness.

We object to the Japanese and Chinese because they are of the yellow race. We do not like the Japanese assertion of equality. We call it conceit, cockiness, over-aggressiveness. Somehow or other, we seem to feel that this is the wrong attitude from an Oriental toward one of the white race, and that the “Japs should be taught their place.”

For a long time after Commodore Perry’s famous visit to Japan, which opened her ports to Western civilization, we had a patronizing attitude toward the Japanese. We thought of them as a backward, downtrodden people urgently in need of all that made the white races of the earth rich and powerful. Then came the Russo-Japanese War, with the sweeping victory of the Orientals. That a yellow race was able to defeat a white race shocked and alarmed us. “We abruptly ceased to think of the Japanese as an obscure nation of polite and harmless little yellow men. They became the Yellow Peril.”

The Japanese do not assimilate, is one burden of our cry against them. They retain their foreign language, sending their children to the Bud-

dhist schools every day after the public schools are closed, to be instructed in the Japanese language and history and the Buddhist religion.

But while this system is greatly to be deplored by all thoughtful Americans as tending to maintain in this country ideals of God, nature, and man, of husband and wife, of parent and child, of the state and the individual that are oriental and opposed to the founding of American homes, one cannot feel that it will entirely outweigh the influence of the American public school, and the racial intercourse of business and industry.

The children born in this country of Japanese parents are American citizens. Their ambitions lie here and not in Japan. They are, for the most part, eager to realize their citizenship to the full, and are impatient of the "foreign" ways of their parents.

It is not at all likely that Buddhism will satisfy these young people, or that its concept of God and humanity will bear the searchlight of the higher education. In Japan, German philosophy has gained a strong foothold and the "young intellectuals" have turned from Buddha to Nietzsche and Hegel.

There is grave danger that the rising generation of oriental Americans in our Pacific coast states will have turned from the traditional faith of their fathers to atheism and a violent agnosticism. Here is the most serious aspect of the

Japanese problem in America, and it is a problem which exerts peculiar demands upon the Christian churches of America.

The churches are meeting this in practical, everyday ways, preaching Christ to those who know Him not through the same social ministry that He commanded to His disciples. They are healing the sick in hospitals and through the aid of visiting nurses in many of the Chinese and Japanese districts of the Pacific coast cities. They are teaching the children in kindergartens, playgrounds, and community clubs; they are preaching the Word of God in more than one Christian Japanese church, in Bible classes, Sunday schools, and in visits to the homes, whenever that is possible.

Can we believe that the seed so watered shall, under God's good providence, fail of the harvest?

Only all cannot be left to the actual field-workers and missionaries. There is need for every Christian who cares that Christ shall be Lord of all the races of men, to build up a Christian environment, to make the faith he professes with his lips vital in his everyday life, in his business, in his thoughts.

These oriental Americans are watching us very closely. Their genius is by nature imitative. What we are, that will they endeavor to become. The same responsibility is laid upon us that Christ pressed upon His followers:

“Whosoever shall break one of these least commandments, and shall teach men so, he shall be called the least in the kingdom of heaven, but whosoever shall do and teach them, the same shall be called great in the kingdom of heaven.”

What Do We Mean by Americanization?

During and since the War there has been a great deal of loose talk and sentimentalism on the subject of what we call Americanization. Colleges have established chairs in this, as in philosophy and mathematics; political societies have held long and heated debates on the best methods to be employed in helping our foreign-born citizens achieve the full value of their citizenship. The foreign-born American has become an object of genuine concern to all thoughtful persons.

Of course anything which betters a man, such as being taught to read and write, is, in a general way, Americanization. But why call it that as though it were something new? Imparting a knowledge of civics, national history, and the laws of government is likewise, in a sense, Americanization. But why claim for it a power greater than we accorded it when we called it simply education? So, too, “bringing the alien into contact with what is best in this country,” which is sometimes spoken of as a new method in the process, is, in one sense, Americanization;

but is it not the same thing as what was called only the other day social service, or, two thousand years ago, Christian duty?

This raises the question—can a foreigner ever become a true American? Is race an unsurmountable barrier?

Certainly the change cannot be brought about by force, any more than it can be effected by introducing vacuum cleaners and electric washing and sewing machines and fireless cookers into the foreign homes. Nor will legislation or classes in English and American history and civics remedy at once all the evils which have grown up through years of neglect of, and even almost brutal opposition to, the foreigner on the part of Americans of older stock; through years of galling ridicule and contempt and exploitation.

The high percentage of crime among the foreign-born and the children of foreign-born parents, which is often cited as a moral excuse for certain racial antipathies, is not a race question. *There are no moral statistics which discriminate against a race on grounds of race alone.* Criminals are not born, they are made.

They are made by improper homes, or by the want of homes of any kind, since seventy-five per cent of those confined in our prisons were brought up in institutions. They are made by poor and insufficient food, by neglected health, by overwork and malnutrition and lack of proper

recreation during childhood. All these are situations which are found too often in the homes of our foreign-born, as we have seen. But they are conditions which are liable to change, and in this the Church is already engaged.

Nor do the most recent and careful experiments in psychology warrant any comparison whatsoever between the inherent intelligence of various groups or races. All that we can say is that there is a difference in their scores, and that this difference may be due to any number of factors, of which native endowment is only one.

In the Southern Mountains

We have in our southern Appalachian states some five million people of old American stock, racially akin to the proudest families of Boston, Philadelphia, and Charleston. Many of these Americans can neither read nor write. The young men from this group when judged by the army intelligence tests proved to possess no more intelligence than the twelve-year-old child of foreign parents in New England, although they were of the much vaunted Nordic race without any admixture for many generations.

Thousands among these "pure stock Americans" have never exercised their voting privileges, have no interest in any government more remote than that of the local sheriff, no under-

standing of loyalty to a state, and no desire to work with others in a group. They are proudly individualistic, acknowledging family ties as the highest claim.

Here in our American mountain life you will find not one, but nearly all of the tragic or ugly situations which are found in groups of "foreign Americans," and which raise a hue and cry against our "too easy immigration laws," and predictions of a gloomy future for our country with the "disappearance of the Anglo-Saxon race."

Our Point of View

The greatest obstacle to the Americanization process is the ridicule and prejudice against foreigners on the part of native Americans. The greatest stigma which can be upon a race group is to make it an object of ridicule.

So long as our stage and our literature show us the Negro as a comic character, the black race will not receive its due meed of consideration.

How often do we refer to the foreigner living in our cities, working for us and with us in American industry, as a "hunky" or "dago"? Too often he is made to feel on all sides that he is an unwelcome stranger within our gates, and his children are discriminated against, no matter how

hard he tries to bring them up according to the American standard.

“To bring this home,” says a well-known lawyer of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, who is himself of Czecho-Slovak origin, “several times my little girl asked me, ‘Daddy, why does Jennie call me a hunky?’ It hurts, and not everybody can take such matters philosophically, especially when he knows that his child is just as good as, if not better than, the other.

“This ostracism by American-born children and young folks is bearing very disastrous fruit. Fine, clean-cut young men of foreign parentage have gone wrong because compelled to associate with American scum. They are shunned by their equals, made to feel uncomfortable among them, and so they seek other society, often dangerous.”

The American is not asked to go out of his way to please the foreigner; he is not asked to abandon or cheapen a single cherished “American” ideal. Rather, he is asked to do the immeasurably more difficult task of keeping true to them. He needs only to meet the foreigner half-way. Some of these people are crude in manner, illiterate, childishly ignorant of the standards and ways of American life, but in the majority of instances their greatest desire is to become like Americans, their greatest boast is that they are citizens.

They are living, human beings, and it is the essential principle of life to respond to environment. It is for Christian America to take care that that environment is favorable. We must make America safe for our coming Americans.

Not long ago in one of its pamphlets, the Massachusetts Bureau of Immigration gave out this motto: "Our foreign-speaking neighbors desire our friendship; we desire theirs. We should make these strangers in a strange land feel 'at home'; that we want them to share 'our house.' You can help make America united by special courtesy and patience in your daily contact with all who do not speak our language readily. Help make America, its institutions, and Americans dear to them, so that they, too, will become steadfast Americans."

Need for Mutual Understanding

Race fears and race prejudice have their roots in ignorance and hastily arrived at conclusions. We who are Anglo-Saxon by heritage and training need to know more about the other races. We need to read their histories, their philosophies, above all, their novels, which show the life and thought of the people. The amazing and horrible events of the Russian Revolution, the power of the Soviet, and the apparently irrational temperament of the Russian people became

more understandable to me after I had read some of the novels of Dostoyefski, and the tales of Chekov.

So it is with all of the race groups which are knocking at the gates of America. What do you know of them? What do you know of the Letts? the Lithuanians? the Magyars? the Poles? the Czechs?

What do you know of their race histories and affiliations, their hatreds, their national folk-lore and legend? All these go to make up the measure of their eligibility as citizens. And they are bringing these things to America.

Walk with me up the Main Street of my own town, a New York State village, whose history dates back to Revolutionary days. A part of Washington's army was encamped here, and many of the names found in history are still current among us. Yet—across from the station an Italian truckman occupies the old, small-town livery stable; next along the block comes a Welsh carpenter, a Swedish tailor, an Irish grocer, a Sicilian junkman, a German butcher, a clothing store kept by an Austrian Jew, and the fruit shop which belongs to a Genoese who is married to an Irish-American wife. Nor does this complete our cosmopolitan population, for the post-master is a Pole, the baker is a Czech, and the tobacconist a Dane.

This is the Main Street of all America, today.

It is the street which our Lord Christ still walks as He trod the village streets of Capernaum and Nazareth. Along it stand the churches which bear His name and proclaim His message.

What have they—what has He to say on all these vexed problems of race?

These Problems Have World Setting

If we have given special consideration in these pages to race relationships which are peculiarly American, that is because these are the everyday problems of our lives. But all these questions are but reflections of world problems, as old as the history of humankind. The relations of race and race, of nation and nation, of tribe and tribe, of village and village, of neighbor and neighbor make life; and wisdom in meeting life comes only by seeking to see it truly and largely and without personal bias. We cannot isolate ourselves in a single corner of the globe and carry on our personal ventures. The day of the hermit nation or individual is past.

The right and wrong of India's caste system, the peonage of Mexico, the struggle for race supremacy between the Chinese and Japanese along the Yangtze River, the national ownership of the Ruhr, and the establishment of a Free State in Ireland—all these are "race problems" which demand solution, to which Christianity

must make some reply. Out of our thought about all these questions will grow the policies of future generations and governments. The Christian Church—which is the blessed company of all faithful people—cannot afford to ignore its direct responsibility for teaching mankind the truth as found in our Master Christ Jesus, by which alone we can hope to find a solution. It is His answer to these problems that we need to listen for—not turning away as did Pilate, pessimistically confident that there can be no answer. It is His way that we must seek in relationships of race and color, caste and creed. It is His kingdom that we are privileged to help Him build on earth.

Are we to resign ourselves to the old barriers that in past ages have intervened between us, to say that these divisions must be, and that no power can destroy them? To admit that is to make the cross of Christ of no effect. Or, shall we press forward toward the new day when the brotherhood of man shall be more than a catch phrase, when mutual understanding born of the spirit of Jesus, alive in our hearts, shall bridge all gulfs and weld us into one people, serving one God, in His Kingdom which is without walls?

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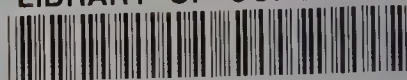
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